The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871. NO. 337.

WASHINGTON.

Elucidation of the Plans and Purposes of the Civil Service Board.

Epitome of Testimony Taken by the Ku-Klux Investigation.

A Hint Relative to Reports from the National Banks.

Statement of the Expenses Incurred in Placing the New Loan.

Revenue Collections Interrupted by Indian Hostilities.

Mysterious Assertion Respecting the Return of the President.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BOARD.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The Civil Service Commissioners are still arduously at work, endeavoring to reduce their theories to a practical working basis. It has been discovered that not only is the bare question itself intricate and difficult of treatment, but that it is hard to bring the various members of the commission up to advocating radical and sweeping measures of reform. [illegible]

FORTHCOMING DECISION.

[illegible]

CUSTOMS AUTHORIZATION.

The Surveyor of Customs at St. Joseph has been authorized by the Secretary of the Treasury to document vessels owned in his district.

[To the Associated Press.]

THE CROP REPORTS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—On special inquiry at the Department of Agriculture, to-day, it was officially ascertained that there has been no analysis of the cotton and other reports for July, [illegible]

THE KU-KLUX INVESTIGATION.

The Ku-Klux investigating committee, to-day, examined Joseph H. Speed, of Alabama, [illegible]

PERSONAL.

The President is expected to reach Washington [illegible]

REVENUE COLLECTIONS OBSTRUCTED BY INDIANS.

[illegible]

COST OF THE LOAN.

[illegible]

NATIONAL BANKS.

[illegible]

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

[illegible]

THE NEW STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING.

[illegible]

OBITUARY.

Captain John Nye, a brother of United States Senator Nye, of Nevada, died in Washington, [illegible]

[illegible]

ILLINOIS.

Church at this place was struck by lightning this morning, and entirely consumed by fire. Loss, $10,000; no insurance.

Proclamation Relative to the Election of Congressman-at-Large—Special Election—Commissioner Hammond—New Incorporation.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 7.—The following proclamation was issued by the Governor to-day:

To the People of the State of Illinois:

WHEREAS, On the eighth day of November, 1870, John A. Logan was elected by the people of Illinois as Representative in the Congress of the United States for the State of Illinois at Large, and

WHEREAS, The said John A. Logan did on the third day of March, notify the Governor that he did not intend to qualify as such Representative; and

WHEREAS, The said John A. Logan has failed to qualify as such Representative, thereby causing a vacancy in said office; now, therefore,

I, John M. Palmer, Governor of the State of Illinois, do hereby proclaim that on Tuesday, the seventh day of November next, [illegible]

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of State to be affixed. Done at the city of Springfield, this seventh day of July, A. D. 1871.

(Signed) JOHN M. PALMER.

By the Governor:

EDWARD RUMMEL, Secretary of State.

Orders for a special election have also been issued to the Sheriff of each county in the Third Senatorial District, for the purpose of filling the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel K. Casey, said election to be held on the day of the regular election in November.

The County Clerk of Douglas County has also been directed to give the necessary notice for a special election in said county, to be held on Tuesday, August 1, to fill a vacancy in the office of Sheriff, caused by the absconding of the late Sheriff.

David S. Hammond, of Cook County, filed his official oath and bond as Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner, with the Secretary of State, to-day.

An agreement of consolidation, by and between the Peninsular Railroad Company of Michigan, the Peninsular Railway Company of Indiana, and the Peninsular Railway Company of Illinois, under the name and style of "The Peninsular Railway Company," with a capital stock of $4,000,000, was filed in the office of the Secretary of State to-day.

The Mutual Gaslight Company, of Chicago, capital stock $100,000, also filed a certificate of its incorporation to-day.

Wheat, Corn, Rye and Hay Crops in Ogle County—Locusts—Progress of C. & I. M. R.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

OREGON, Ogle Co., Ill., July 5.

A short ride through the county immediately west of Rock River, at this place, gives one an opportunity to see many fields of corn very promising, and some of them now fully six feet in height. [illegible]

The Railroad and Warehouse Board.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, July 7.—The full Board of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners, having duly qualified, held its first formal meeting this afternoon at the Leland Hotel, and organized by electing ex-Governor Gustave Koerner as Chairman, and J. H. Haymond, of Chicago, as Secretary. Without transacting any further business, the board agreed to meet in Chicago on Wednesday next, July 12.

EDUCATIONAL.

Closing Proceedings of the Illinois Teachers' Association.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

ROCKFORD, Ill., July 7.—The Principals' Association is to meet at Princeton next summer.

The meeting of the State Teachers' Association will be at Dixon on December 27 next.

Dr. Haven announced that an excursion would leave Chicago for the Mammoth Cave on July 17, and that invitations to attend the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association at Madison, on July 11, and the Iowa meeting at Council Bluffs, in August, had been received.

E. C. Smith was elected President; [illegible]

[illegible]

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE GULF.

Third Annual Reunion Held at Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 7.—The Society of the Army and Navy of the Gulf held its third annual meeting at the Academy of Music to-day. Lieutenant General Sheridan, Senior Vice President, in the Chair.

A resolution offered by Rear Admiral Bailey, declaring Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan President by a viva voce vote, was unanimously adopted, [illegible]

Resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Admiral Farragut were adopted.

[illegible]

New York was selected as the next place of meeting, on October 18, 1872.

[illegible]

War Department Weather Report.

CHICAGO, July 7—11 p. m.—War Department, Signal Service United States Army. Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce:

Place of observation.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Direction of wind.	Force of wind.	State of weather.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE, WASHINGTON, July 7.—[illegible]

A Bee at Madison, Wis.

[illegible]

FOREIGN.

Payment by France of an Additional Instalment of the War Indemnity.

The Insurrection in Algeria Nearly Ended.

Alsace and Lorraine to be Speedily Subjected to Prussian Military Law.

Americans Entering France or Belgium Inconvenienced by the Passport System.

Grand Celebration in London in Aid of a Monument to Sir Walter Scott.

FRANCE.

THE WAR INDEMNITY.

PARIS, July 7.—The *Journal Officiel* announces that only 40 per cent of the amount subscribed to the new loan was allotted to subscribers. Three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs of indemnity have been paid to Germany, of which 125,000,000 francs were paid before the issue of the loan. The Paris forts will be abandoned when 1,500,000,000 francs of the indemnity have been paid.

The Delegate Minister of Finance yesterday transmitted 104,000,000 francs, in specie, to the German authorities at Strasbourg. An additional sum of 125,000,000 will be paid before July 10, when the German troops will evacuate the departments of the Seine, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE ALGERIAN REVOLT.

Numerous Algerian tribes have given in their submission to General Lallemande, and the end of the insurrection is nearly at hand.

[illegible]

GREAT BRITAIN.

HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON, July 7.—The Waverly celebration, in aid of the erection of a monument to Sir Walter Scott, was an immense success, [illegible]

[illegible]

BELGIUM.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—United States Minister Jones, at Brussels, [illegible]

SPAIN.

[illegible]

TOBACCO MONOPOLY.

[illegible]

GERMANY.

[illegible]

Telegraphic Brevities.

[illegible]

—Cyrus Wakefield has given $100,000 to Harvard College, [illegible]

—The Chicago & St. Louis Railroad Company completed arrangements for the erection of extensive stock yards at Normal, Ill. [illegible]

—Rev. S. B. Duffield, [illegible]

—George H. Chandler, [illegible]

—W. B. Lowellyn, [illegible]

A tornado passed five miles south of Youngstown, Ohio, on July 6. [illegible]

Albany Live Stock Market.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 7.—Beeves—Receipts [illegible]

Printing for the Blind.

From the Nation.

It is going on forty years since Mr. S. P. Ruggles, then a practical printer, and, though a very young man, an inventor who had shown great talent and skill in mechanics, entered upon his duties as an assistant in the Boston Asylum for the Blind. [illegible]

NEW YORK.

The Situation in Wall Street—Dry Goods and Breadstuffs.

Alarming Increase of the Horse Plague.

Development of a New Form of Cholera.

Belief that the Murderer of Putnam will Cheat the Gallows.

Wendell Phillips on the Paris Commune.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The government bond market to-day was heavy, and declined, with a considerable pressure of sales. [illegible]

THE MONEY MARKET

[illegible]

THE GOLD MARKET

[illegible]

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET

[illegible]

DRY GOODS.

The chief feature in the dry goods market is the firmness and advancing tendency of the market for domestic cotton and woollen goods. [illegible]

BREADSTUFFS.

[illegible]

THE HORSE DISEASE.

[illegible]

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[illegible]

A LINE OF STEAMERS TO ANTWERP.

[illegible]

FOSTER.

[illegible]

[To the Associated Press.]

NEW MURDER.

[illegible]

CHOLERA INFANTUM

[illegible]

THE CASE OF NAVAL OFFICER LAFIN.

[illegible]

Proposal of a French Income Tax.

A London *Times* letter from Versailles makes the following report of a portion of the sitting of the French National Assembly, on the 28th ult.: [illegible]

[illegible]

THE AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

Discouraging Reports from Unsuccessful Searchers—Thousands Unlucky; a Few Fortunate.

The San Francisco *Alta* makes the following extracts from a private letter received from the Priel Diamond Diggings of Africa, dated March 26, 1871:

[illegible]

M. C. KAMES is the authorized distributor of THE TRIBUNE [illegible]

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THE NATIONAL COFFEE POT!

29,000 Families in the U. S. use them.

140,000 Persons praise the "National" every day!

It always makes most Excellent and Delicious Coffee.

IT IS VERY ECONOMICAL.

Manufactured exclusively by the

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NATIONAL TEA AND COFFEE POT CO., CHICAGO.

DRAPER AND TAILOR.

10 PER CENT. DEDUCTION!

On all suits, or parts of suits, ordered of

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Also, Sole Agents for Peekskill Chemical Works

LAMPBLACK.

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OCEAN NAVIGATION.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE.

[illegible]

EYE AND EAR.

Diseases and Deformities of the Eye and Ear

[illegible]

MARRIAGE GUIDE.

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION

MARRIAGE GUIDE.

[illegible]

ORDERS.

ORDERS.

Merchants, in ordering from us, will have the decided advantage of an entirely new stock in every department.

We undertake to give the best attention to orders, and invite TRIAL from PROMPT-PAYING Trade in Dry Goods and Carpets.

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THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW,

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CONTENTS:

[illegible]

TERMS:

[illegible]

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

AT IT AGAIN!

[illegible]

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[illegible]

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

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[illegible]

Mass. Institute of Technology.

[illegible]

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE,

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

EXCURSIONS

Excursion to Grand Haven, Muskegon, &c.

The Splendid Upper Cabin Steamer

NAVARINO.

[illegible]

Goodrich's Steamers.

[illegible]

GENERAL NOTICES.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company.

[illegible]

The New Catalogue

[illegible]

10 BUSINESS HOUSES.

[illegible]

Cook County Tax List.

RIVERSIDE.

CUSHMAN'S RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

Favorable chance for those wishing to build or hold. A small number of lots, at LOW FIGURES,

FOR A SHORT TIME.

Unequalled Beauty of Location on the Banks of the Aux Plaine River.

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CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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Is made up of correspondence from well-known PRACTICAL AGRICULTURISTS, together with judicious gleanings from the AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

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[illegible]

FOR SALE.

HOME BITTERS.

[illegible]

Every Family Should Have a Bottle.

[illegible]

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

[illegible]

Louisville, Ky., June 26, 1871.

COPARTNERSHIP.

[illegible]

DISSOLUTION.

[illegible]

DISSOLUTION.

[illegible]

Chicago, July 1, 1871.

DISSOLUTION.

[illegible]

Chicago, July 7, 1871.

DISSOLUTION.

[illegible]

NATIVE WINES.

IVES SEEDLING AND HILLSIDE CHAMPAGNES.

228 DEARBORN-ST.

PROPOSALS.

To Contractors.

[illegible]

PROPOSALS.

[illegible]

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VICTOR SCALES.

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FAIRBANKS' SCALES

[illegible]

The Chicago Tribune.

Terms Per Year to Subscribers by Mail. [illegible]

TRIBUNE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY.

In 1846 the United States and Great Britain disposed of the then warlike controversy respecting the Oregon boundary by adopting the line of "the forty-ninth parallel to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean." Since then it has been discovered that there are two channels, one known as the Haro and the other as the Rosario channel. The Americans claim the former and the British the latter as the true boundary, the difference being that San Juan Island is between them, and becomes an American or British possession, as the case may be decided.

The Governor of Vancouver Island, recently overhauling his office, found a copy of Colonel Fremont's reports of his overland trips to the Pacific, in one of which was a map of Oregon and Upper California, "prepared from surveys by Fremont and others." This book and the accompanying maps were published in 1848. The Governor at once telegraphed to the British Government that he had found an authorized map, published by the United States, in which the boundary was marked down and which gives to Great Britain not only all she claims, but several other islands including Blount, or Smith Island, on which the United States have a light-house. The Vancouver paper thinks that this settles the whole question, and that the moment the Emperor of Russia sees that map he will tell the Yankees they must vacate. Great stress is laid on the point that the book in which this map appears was printed by order of the United States Senate, and thus stamped with the official authorization of the government. The writer evidently knows but little of the manner in which the houses of Congress order printing to be done, or he would never hold the United States responsible for all the documents printed by order of either house.

The map has but little or no bearing on the case, and does not change the fact that at the time the treaty was made it was assumed that there was but one channel, when, in fact, there were two. Which of these two was the right one can hardly be determined by a map made by explorers who never surveyed either.

IRON CHURCH BUILDINGS.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* gives some particulars of the recent revolution in church building, by which iron is substituted for other materials at a great saving. The first of these buildings completed was the Tabernacle of Dr. Talmadge, in Brooklyn. The seating capacity of the church is 3,200 persons, and there are no galleries. This large building cost, completed, the comparatively small sum of $35,000. The interior of the building is plain, but nevertheless imposing. The most serious defect is the noisy effect of rain falling on the iron roof, which drowns the voice of the preacher; but this, if a fault, can easily be remedied. The acoustics are admirable, and it has been found that the auditorium can be heated readily, and at much less cost than an ordinary building of the same size. The success of this experiment has led to the erection of other iron churches. The Ross Street Church, capable of seating 1,500 persons, with ground dimensions 82x114 feet, will be completed in September. Much attention has been given to its external and internal appearance, and no expense has been spared to make it imposing. The whole cost will be $61,000; and, it is said, will surpass the superb stone structure erected in the same city by the Methodists, and which cost $220,000. Another church, 60x90 feet, seating 380 persons, is to be erected of iron for the Baptists, and will cost, when completed, $31,000. The Presbyterians also have one under contract, to be 60x106 feet, seating 800 persons, and will cost, handsomely finished, $35,000. The Congregational Church of Ormond place have concluded to pull down their present building, with the adjoining parsonage, and construct a new building of iron, to cost about $60,000. The plan includes an auditorium occupying a single floor, unbroken by column or gallery, covered by a roof of 100 feet span, with seats rising on every side from an inclined plane, with abundant means for ingress and egress, the aisles all radiating from the centre. Externally there is an ornamental front of fluted iron, with arched windows and a lofty tower.

Comparatively, the cost of these churches is less than one-half the cost of others of the same dimensions and general appearance. Their durability is equal to that of the stone edifices, and they admit of the highest degree of ornamentation. Next to the consideration of cost is the important one of acoustics. The metal plates reflect sound far better than plaster walls or other materials. Both for preaching and for congregational singing the iron plate walls offer great advantages.

The most direct question suggested by these facts is why this improvement in church architecture has not been adopted long since, and why it has not become general? Considerations of uniformity certainly have had nothing to do with the matter, for in this country there are hardly any two churches built after the same style. The economy of iron in ship building and in car building has long since been established. The general economy of iron as a building material is no less certain. Its use in the construction of all sail and steam vessels, of all canal boats, cars, and vehicles of every description, ought to be general. For public buildings of all kinds, and for schools, colleges, and churches it is especially adapted. All large factories and workshops might be constructed of it, and the inquiry is why they are not? Is there any scarcity of iron ore?—is there any scarcity of coal?—is there any scarcity of skilled labor to mine either the coal or iron ore, or to make the plates and columns, and fashion the various parts that make up the whole of the ship or the house?

The iron ores of the United States are inexhaustible, and they are of a superior quality in every sense. For many purposes iron made of American ore has qualities superior to those of any iron produced in England. We have an area of coal which is as wide-spread and as inexhaustible as that of iron. We have the facilities for transporting the ore and the coal, and the iron made from them, to all parts of the country. It costs no more to mine coal in the United States than in England—that is to say, the coal is delivered at the pit's mouth at the same average cost. The iron ore costs but little more, if any, than in England. There is no reason in the world why there should not be five times as much iron used in the United States annually as there is. Nature has given us all the rich deposits, and has furnished us with water routes to and from the various mines. But iron in the United States is an article of luxury. Its price is maintained by arbitrary statutes. Under the protection of the General Government the mining of coal and the manufacture of iron is made a monopoly. The United States have entered into a bargain to add $10,000,000 to the cost of pig iron used by the people of the United States, and, of this tax thus imposed, the government receives about $1,500,000, and the iron monopoly the rest. The result is a high price of iron, forbidding its use in the thousand practical purposes in which the people of all other countries employ it. With an abundance of coal and iron within a few hours' [illegible] we cannot build our steamships for the foreign trade. An American who wants a steamship has to pay just twice the sum [illegible] in the United States than he would have to pay for one built in Scotland. Although there may be [illegible] ocean steamers now afloat owned almost exclusively by Americans, these steamers all bear the British flag, and are enrolled as British vessels. With the stoppage of American iron ship-building is the closing of the various works for making marine engines and all the various articles needed for vessels of that class, and the policy of the government has been to prohibit the use of the vast body of iron and coal with which nature has supplied all sections of the United States.

In the cost of the church edifices mentioned as now erecting in Brooklyn there is a saving in the cost of material and labor of about 50 per cent. The iron plates are cast, the material is fashioned by machinery, and the labor is in adjusting the parts together. But even this cost of material is enhanced 50 per cent by the law which requires that the consumer of iron shall pay that much bounty to the iron and coal monopoly. If this odious tax, which stands between the people and the free use of the most essential article of civilized industry, were removed, there is no reason why iron should not become at once the leading material for building purposes.

The great cost of the article forbids its general use, as it prohibits it in ship-building. It limits the number of miners both of ore and coal; it limits the number of mechanics in every branch of industry wherein iron is a material of production, it limits mechanical production by rendering the price of all manufactures of iron, or of which iron is a part, so unnecessarily and unreasonably high as to reduce the demand for them. Iron in all parts of Europe has become a necessity,—an essential to every man's labor, an essential in all articles of domestic utility. In the United States iron is a luxury. From the hair-pin and sad-iron and horse-shoe, to the locomotive and marine engine, its use is made as expensive as the law can make it. Every saw-mill in the country pays a bounty to the iron monopoly for the use of its boiler, its engine, and its saws. Every blacksmith pays a bounty to the Morrells upon every horse-shoe he fashions. No man can engage in any industry in which he has to use iron in any form without including in the price of the article he produces the bounty he has to pay on the raw material to the iron monopoly. To relieve iron of all tax, while it would not diminish the revenues of the government materially, would give to the American people the free use of one of the most indispensable of the raw materials of industry.

The general adoption of iron as a building material would be one of the first results of free iron. Another result would be the introduction of a new style of architecture adapted to the new material. At present architecture in iron is very crude. Where iron has been used it has been with other materials, and the general effect has not been pleasing. While the desire to use it has been general, its high price has forbidden its employment except in connection with other materials, and the combination has rarely been successful. If, as these Brooklyn experiments show we can, by the use of iron, have three churches for the same money that it costs now to build one, let us hope that there will be an additional impetus given by the friends of religion to the general demand for free iron.

HOFFMAN ON GOVERNMENT.

Apparently for the purpose of affording Governor Hoffman an opportunity to spread his statesmanship before the country, that noble band of patriots, the Tammany Society of New York, held a conclave on the Fourth of July, which they devoted to a most inspiring and soul-satisfying series of wails over the condition of our poor country, and the necessity of its passing under Democratic rule without further delay. Hoffman, in particular, "came out strong," though showing himself anything but the genial Mark Tapley from whom we borrow this expression. The main burden of the long letter which he furnished for the occasion was the danger of centralization of power. A strong government, he maintained, was a bad government—a principle which is in a certain sense true, and in a certain other sense false; and we must conclude that Governor Hoffman intended the false sense, if we are to judge from his efforts to render the United States Government weak during the period of its struggle with rebellion. The United States Government, properly restrained from usurping local functions, is strong, because it is founded on the rock of popular devotion. The people bow to the extraordinary war power which the constitution confers on the President and Congress in the time of public peril, because they are devoted. Not so Hoffman, who, as Mayor of New York, allows his subjects to resist the draft, because, apparently, he is *not* devoted to the government of his country, and wishes it to be as weak as possible, since his own party cannot get the administration of it. Hoffman's appeal, therefore, against a strong and centralized government, however much of abstract justice there may be in it, will not avail anything as long as it proceeds only from a man or a party whose record shows anything but a really patriotic *animus*. And it is the most transparent of absurdities for Tammany, accepting the new and comparatively liberal platform of the late Mr. Vallandigham, to insist upon any person so cursed by Copperheadism as John T. Hoffman as the standard-bearer for its New Departure.

Vice President Colfax writes, in the *Independent*, an interesting history of the passage of the bill under which the recent high-handed proceedings of the United States Senate were taken against certain newspaper correspondents. The bill, passed in January, 1857, under the spur of an alleged immediate necessity, to suit an individual case not unlike that of the late 4th of March session, provided that "no witness shall hereafter be allowed to refuse to testify to any fact or to produce any paper touching which he shall be examined by either house of Congress, for the reason that his testimony touching such fact, or the production of such paper, may tend to disgrace him, or otherwise render him infamous," and makes the penalty for contumacy a fine of $100 to $1,000, and imprisonment in the common jail from one to twelve months.

The bill passed the House under the operation of the previous question, and received only 12 negative votes, among which was that of Mr. Colfax. In the Senate it was reported by Toombs, of Georgia, and denounced by John P. Hale, as "contrary to the spirit of liberty," and as compelling priests to disclose the secrets of the confessional, and lawyers to divulge information received in professional confidence from their clients. Nevertheless, it was passed, by a four-to-one vote; and an amendment offered by Mr. Seward, to the effect "that this act shall not be construed so as to deprive any witness of such privileges as are allowed to witnesses testifying before a judicial tribunal by the common law," was rejected by yeas, 10; nays, 35. The yeas were Collamer, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Hall, Pugh, Seward, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson. Mr. Colfax remarks that the burden of every speech in favor of the bill "was that the penalties of this law were necessary to ferret out corruption among Congressmen, the alleged sale of their votes on various laws, &c. It is well known, however, that the first one against whom its terrors were invoked was Thaddeus Hyatt for refusing to testify, not on any case of Congress corruption, but before Senator Mason's investigating committee relative to John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry; but, though he laid in the common jail three months and three days, he came out of it unconquered in the end."

It was, perhaps, a little extraordinary for the jury in the Tichborne Baronetcy case to balk and tender their verdict while yet there were over a hundred witnesses to be examined in behalf of the plaintiff, and as many, or more, on behalf of the defence. Nevertheless, any one who has perused the testimony of the claimant under cross-examination, and observed how completely he traversed his own statements, confessed to foibles and even crimes of a disgraceful sort, and such as cannot but have the effect to impeach all his testimony, will have no difficulty in understanding why the jury, after listening to him for a month, became disgusted beyond forbearance. On the 72d sitting the pretended Sir Roger had confessed to having [illegible] the sisters of Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, with whom the defendants propose to identify the claimant; and to being involved, while in Australia, in certain criminal charges, which he declines to specify, on the ground that he should thereby criminate himself. His stories concerning his life, both in England and abroad, have also been pretty thoroughly riddled by the cross-examination. There is no longer any doubt that the claim will be decided to be, what a majority of the similar claims on record in the English courts have proved, bold-faced and bogus. But even those who believe that the claimant is really the person he pretends to be will be partially reconciled to an adverse verdict by the reflection that, though Sir Roger be cheated out of his rights, it is a precious knave that is the victim.

Now that Foster, the wanton murderer of Putnam, is expected to be "commuted" and ultimately pardoned, the energies of that powerful class in New York which is interested in the delivery of all murderers from justice can be devoted exclusively for a while to Botts, the assassinator of Pet Halsted. They have already informed the country, per telegraph, that Botts never deserted from the army, as some one has cruelly alleged. From his family he did desert, and consorted with a prostitute, whose subsequent desertion of him caused him to murder the man upon whom she next bestowed her favors. Nevertheless, it can hardly be doubted that Botts' good moral character will be speedily established.

The British Income Tax.

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel proposed and carried, for the first time, the tax on incomes, the rate being 7 pence per pound, or a fraction less than 3 per cent on the dollar in Federal money. This continued for 11 years, when Mr. Gladstone, in 1853, limited the tax at that rate for 7 years, when it was to be gradually reduced. Incomes between £100 and £150 were taxed at the rate of 5 pence in the pound. During the Crimean war the income tax was raised to 1 shilling 2 pence in the pound, and in 1857 was reduced to 7 pence. In 1859 the rate for incomes over £150 was made 9 pence, and, for incomes between £100 and £150, 6½ pence. In 1861 the 9 pence rate was raised to 10 pence, and the other rate to 7 pence. In 1862 1 penny was taken off each rate; in 1863 a uniform rate of 7 pence was fixed, with an exemption of £60 on incomes less than £200. In 1864 the rate was reduced to 6 pence; in 1865 to 4 pence. During the Abyssinian war it was raised to 5 pence, and in 1868 to 6 pence; in 1869 it was reduced to 5 pence, and in 1870 to 4 pence. The present rate of 4 pence in the pound is equal to 1⅔ per cent on the dollar of Federal money.

Canada Thistles.

Do the people of the beautiful little city of Waukegan know that they are suffering a deadly enemy to their prosperity to grow most luxuriantly among them? They can find it beside the railway track near the depot, and, perhaps, for that reason it does not seem to be anybody's business to make an effort to destroy that patch of Canada thistles. But, if its seeds are suffered to ripen in a few weeks hence, they will be borne on the winds of Heaven, far and wide, and, when once fairly distributed, they will depreciate the value of every farm in the vicinity at least 25 per cent. The city authorities should at once adopt the most vigorous and effective measures to destroy them. Perhaps if they were mown down closely, two or three barrels of salt sown over them, the chips of the town and old dry goods boxes piled on them, and set on fire, and the railway should then dump two or three train loads of dry sand and gravel upon them, covering them half a dozen feet, they would consent to "die out," for a time at least.

We have seen little patches of this pest at Rockford, at Lake Forest, and some other places; and wherever found it is to be hoped the people will wage the most vigorous war of extermination upon it. If we mistake not, there is a law which permits, or, perhaps, requires, town and county officers to use every means to destroy them at the public expense. If so, let it be executed.

They have some momentous political issues down in Arkansas. As if the disfranchisement of half a State—the office-holders of such locality, who are usually candidates for re-election, being the court to select the victims of disfranchisement—as if this, and the corrupt leasts of large blocks of railroad bonds by the State administration, and the frequent turning out of Federal officers, at the whim of each rapidly-succeeding Senator, did not furnish enough topics for newspaper discussion, the *State Journal* of Little Rock, of the 1st instant, comes to us with two columns of editorial on the question whether Judge Story, of the United States District Court, did or did not write his name "*Hon. Wm. Story*" on the register of a hotel. These articles, we are glad to say, are in defence of the illustriously-christened jurist, and show conclusively that the titular flourish was solely and purely the work of the affable clerk of the hotel, Jones by name. What is most mortifying of all about this serious affair is, that the charge originated in the fertile brain of another honorable—in fact, the Honorable Mr. McClure, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, who, in his capacity of reporter for another newspaper (he is also State Printer), was nosing around at the hotel, and, descrying the entry of his brother jurist's name, proceeded to indite to himself the following epistle, which he followed with an editorial disquisition, the purport of which was "hear! hear!"

"EDITOR REPUBLICAN: I noticed on the register at the Metropolitan Hotel to-day, the name of 'Hon. Wm. Story.' [illegible] I am sure it is Judge Story, because I know his hand write (sic), and know he wrote it as I have given it you. CITIZEN."

Upon this attenuated string the Clayton organ and the anti-Clayton organ harped in a series of sharp-keyed alternate strains until the influence of the hotel clerk caused the Chief Justice and State Printer to eat his words, and metaphorically kick his other self, the obnoxious "Citizen;" but he went down (if we may, with the Arkansas freedom, indulge in a change of trope at this point) with his colors flying, and protesting that he never, never would have made the correction on Story's account!

A Mrs. Carter, of a town in Ohio, recently placed a hot knife-blade in the mouth of a young servant-girl, to cure her of a propensity for lying. Some mild censure having been cast by neighbors upon Mrs. C. for the warm interest she thus manifested in the cause of veracity, that lady has published a card, in which she says: "I am a professed Christian woman; and I did what I did conscientiously, feeling it a duty, by every available means, to prevent the girl's remaining a candidate for a part in 'the lake that burneth with fire.'" Mrs. Carter had evidently heard of the attempt to cure hydrophobia by cutting off the dog's tail just behind his ears; and, acting upon the same principle,—but guided, of course, by the higher motives of a "Christian woman,"—sought to cure falsehood by carbonizing the offender's tongue as far as her diaphragm. The dog perished under the heroic treatment to which he had been subjected; but the girl, we are happy to state, is not only alive, but "has told no lies" since the date of her cauterization. Whether this fact is the moral result of the heated application, or is attributable to a physical inability to tell anything as yet, we are not informed. If the girl shall hereafter return to her Tartarian candidacy, it is to be presumed that her mistress will again *similia-similibus* her by fighting fire with fire.

Although European cities have been exceedingly reluctant to accept street railways, they do seem, having accepted them, to know better than American cities how to insure the benefits capable of being realized from this Yankee invention; for we read that six street car conductors in London have been fined for overcrowding their vehicles. This shows that the ruling passion of people in general to be imposed upon, and of some people in particular to impose upon them, is dominant in London as it is in Chicago. But if the law should happen to take a freak to interfere against imposition here as it does there, and arrest all Chicago conductors who overcrowd their cars, what lively times it would make for the Police Magistrates!

Mr. Daniel Drew, though a gentleman of pietistic proclivities,—evidenced by his profuse lubrication of various forms of religious machinery,—is not, apparently, an especially ardent believer in the dogma that it is impossible to serve both God and Mammon. On the occasion of the recent Rock Island stock excitement, he "went in on his nerve," and drew out "rocks" to the value of three hundred thousand dollars; which, if he be bibulously inclined, will purchase many more "horns" than were possessed by the beast seen by the Yankee Daniel's Hebrew namesake.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens has, in the course of his life, experienced a vast deal of suffering, both physical and mental. His health has always been poor, preventing his taking any enjoyment in the process described by John Hay as "rastling his hash;" and his Southern Confederacy, "with all its hopes of future years," died on his hands in a state of callow juvenility. All these ills, however, sink into insignificance compared to a woe that has fallen upon him since his assumption of the editorship of a Georgia newspaper. The iron has at last entered into his very soul. In a recent issue of his journal he [illegible] "For *beautifully*, in our last, read *frightfully*." [illegible]

[illegible] to know that all right-minded men, of whatever shade of politics, will, in this case, heartily unite in the [illegible] sentiment, that "This are 'ard."

THE NORTHWEST.

ILLINOIS.

The Winchester *Times* of the 1st says two cases of cholera occurred on the Mississippi River last week, one at Grafton, and the other at Jersey Landing, both proving fatal.

—The work on the ground for the approaching State fair will commence in a few days. The Du Quoin *Tribune* says that from five to ten car-loads of lumber reach that place daily.

—The late Mr. Bryant, of the Lewistown *Union*, left a will, in which he bequeathed $1,000 to St. James' Church, in that place, and appropriated $1,500 to a monument to be erected in the family cemetery at Rushville, N. Y.

—Daniel Ellington, who lives three miles northeast of Sullivan, has a cat which gave birth to six kittens, that were connected together by strings from their navels. Daniel killed them in five days after they were born.

—Oil has been struck at Streator by the Vermilion Coal Company. A blast had been put in below the coal, for the purpose of sinking a sump at the foot of the shaft, and, when the rock was blown out, oil began to flow quite freely, and is increasing up to the present time.

—The Nokomis *Advertiser* says: "On the Okaw, southeast of this place, two young men were watching a deer-lick, in hopes of killing any that came there, when they heard a strange noise and rustle in some brush near by. One of them went to the spot, and, while parting the bushes to find the cause, a huge snake threw itself upon him, coiling around his arm. As he endeavored to throw it from him it struck its fangs into him near the shoulder. His companion ran towards him, when he cried out, 'I am a dead man; tell my folks how I died,' and almost instantly expired. We did not learn the names of the young men."

IOWA.

A young man was chased across the prairie by wolves, in Franklin County, the other night. They didn't catch him, so they ate some colts.

—Last Sunday a singular accident occurred at Keokuk. Theodore Amburg, an old and well-known citizen, had just drawn a bucket of water from a well in his yard, when his feet slipped upon the wet boards, and in falling he struck his head on the edge of the bucket, breaking his neck. Death was, of course, the immediate result.

—An iron bridge which, with its approaches, will cost $8,000, is to be thrown over the Cedar River at Waverly, this season. Wm. Crickett, of Oskaloosa, has the contract.

—During the last four months, 2,000 emigrants have settled in Clay County, 800 houses have been erected there, and 18,000 acres of soil turned over.

—The Humboldt *Independent* says: "We reported that Mr. D. A. Dadd's wife had seven pairs of twins and two odd children during ten years of married life. We were wrong. Mr. Dadd, just in our office, informs us there are eight pairs of twins and three odd ones, nineteen in all, ten girls and nine boys, in fourteen years, and they are all living."

—The Chicago chemist who made an analysis of the ice cream which sickened so many people at a wedding at Fort Dodge, a few weeks since, was unable to find traces of any kind of poison in it. It has been discovered, according to the Sioux City *Journal*, that croton oil was the cause of the well nigh serious affair. This unpleasant drug is presumed to have been introduced into the cream by a young scamp, a member of the family, who was piqued because he was not permitted to introduce at the wedding feast one whose presence was objected to.

—The storm in Southwestern Iowa on Saturday last was the most destructive ever known by white men in that region. Reports from Red Oak state that all the windows on the east and north sides of the houses are literally smashed to atoms, as also were the windows in the passenger coaches of the Burlington & Missouri River evening train west from Red Oak. It is impossible to tell, or even approximate, the damage done to the crops in that vicinity, but it is considered safe to say that at least one-half the wheat crop is destroyed, and all the corn laid prostrate. In Fremont the hailstones were so large and came down with such force that every window in the Catholic Church was utterly demolished.

—The Davenport *Democrat* of the 5th says: "Among the inmates of the Orphans' Home at this place is a girl of some fifteen years, named Mary Blackmer, who has been at that institution about one year. Some three months ago this girl was seized with a very singular disease, [illegible] which came on slowly at first, but soon spread until the patient had to take to her bed. [illegible]"

WISCONSIN.

Edward E. Hicks, of Weyauwega, has been appointed a cadet in the naval academy at Annapolis, Md., from the Fifth Wisconsin District.

—A beautiful cave has been discovered on the farm of Joseph Brown in Lodi. It is already known to contain three chambers, arched and with stalagmite floor. Mr. Brown was blasting rock, and made a cavity which he afterwards undertook to fill with rubbish. After 100 loads had disappeared without any perceptible effect, he made the discovery. The aperture of the entrance is yet only sufficient to admit one person.

—The Lancaster *Herald* reports several mineral discoveries. Messrs. Stahl, Norman & Hoole have discovered mineral in good paying quantities on the land of Charles Meyer, in Clifton, just ahead of the old Crow Branch range. Mr. O. B. Phelps and Wm. Kirkpatrick have discovered a good lead of mineral on Thomas Watson's land in Clifton. They have a fine prospect. Mr. Phelps says the water in Crow Branch region is from fifteen to twenty feet lower than it was twenty years ago. Many of the old diggings then abandoned on account of the water, are now being worked to a greater depth with good results. William Fox and Cal. Noggle, who have been prospecting for mineral a short time on Rhodes' lands near Lancaster, have found the shining ore in good quantity.

—Adam Daul, of Casco, aged 19 years, was chased by a large bear a week ago last Sunday, and had a narrow escape from being captured. Adam was out in the woods when he observed the bear following him. He was armed with a gun, and also had a hatchet in his belt; but, as he did not care for an encounter with the bruin, he quickened his pace. The bear also got up more steam, and was rapidly closing up with Daul, when the boy turned and fired, the bear springing at him at the same time. Daul was knocked down, but, picking himself up quickly, drew his hatchet and sought refuge behind a tree. The bear, however, whether wounded or not, seemed to have had enough of that sort of thing, and beat a hasty retreat. Daul was not injured, but the claws of the bear stripped his vest and shirt completely off his breast.

INDIANA.

The grass in the new cemetery at Greenfield took fire on Saturday last, and burned up over nearly the whole surface. Fire was also communicated to the fences surrounding the grounds, destroying the one on the west side and badly injuring the others. The flowers and shrubbery on the graves were damaged to a considerable extent, and many of the tombstones were discolored by the heat.

—The twentieth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Indianapolis, commencing on the 16th of August, at 10 o'clock a. m. On the afternoon of the first day the association will meet at the Academy of Music, when a reception will be tendered by Governor Baker. Citizens have expressed their desire to extend hospitality to the members. There are likewise ample hotel accommodations, for which special arrangements can be made at reduced rates. It is particularly requested that persons intending to be present will notify the Local Secretary as early as practicable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The climate of Louisiana is said to be three degrees colder than it was fifteen years ago.

—The New York Saengerfest drank 50,000 [illegible] of beer daily.

—In a sewer now under construction in New York the material used is Edinburgh clay, imported expressly for the purpose at a cost of [illegible] per foot. The sewer is the first of the kind laid in this country.

—Yale will graduate, on the 13th, 103 students. This is a little higher than the average of the last twenty years—100.7—and somewhat lower than the average of the last ten years—103.6.

—Burglars stole everything there was eatable in a dozen houses in one street in Baltimore on Saturday night. Some of the families were left without sugar, coffee, butter, or bread for breakfast, and one or two who had laid in provisions enough to last over the fourth, lost them all.

—An Indian in Oregon hung himself, recently, on account of unrequited affection. Torn by "the pangs of despised love," the high spirit of "Lo" sought relief from "the earnest shocks that flesh is heir to" by a shocking extinction of his natural air.

—The elections for the Quebec House of Assembly have gratified the government. Of forty members heard from, thirty-two are Ministerialists, six are Oppositionists, and two are Independents. It is thought there will be a larger proportion of opposition from the constituencies from which returns are yet to be received, but the government already has a large majority, and will probably be stronger in the next Parliament than in the last.

—In the "Noah's Caravan" arrived at New York from England by the ship Hudson were four magnificent short-horn cows, twenty-two Jersey cows and heifers, thirty-five Essex, Berkshire, Suffolk, and Prince Albert swine, selected chiefly from the Prince Consort's farm and that of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester; thirty-five Cotswold and Down sheep, and two superior ponies, broken to saddle and harness.

—Not long ago a deacon in Boston who was asked by a Portland acquaintance if a certain common friend was good for a bill of $300, answered for $15 that the bill would be paid. Shortly afterward the debtor failed; the Portland merchant called upon the deacon to pay the bill, and the deacon wrote in reply [illegible]. The letter is to be lithographed, and copies will be liberally distributed.

—A Canadian trilobite has attracted some special attention lately from the assertion that it shows the remains of legs. Although this ancient creature had, without doubt, organs of locomotion, they have not been preserved in the fossil remains. The specimen has been examined by the Geological Society of London, and the theory regarding the legs confirmed. More recently the opinion of Professor Dana, of New Haven, has been asked, and he now gives it in the *Journal of Science* of which he is the editor. His conclusion is that the organs which have been so considered are not legs, but [illegible] ... opinion are very clear, and this will probably settle the question.

—A German philosopher has lately been engaged in a study of the peculiarities of cannibals. He has ascertained that there are at present about 1,000,000 of the population of the earth who have an appetite for human flesh. The following is the latest census of this interesting class of our fellow-beings: The Battas, 200,000 souls; the cannibals of the Niger Delta, 100,000; the Fans, 80,000; the cave-dwellers of the Basuto country, 10,000; the N'am-Niam, about 800,000; the Mirahas and Mesayas, 2,000; the other South American cannibals, 1,000; the Australian aborigines, 50,000; the Melanesians, (without including New Guinea), 500,000.

—The new explosive called Sinofracteur, literally stone-breaker, has attracted considerable attention in Europe. It is composed of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, chlorates, infusorial earth, and the constituents of gunpowder. The exact proportions and the manipulation in the preparation of the compound are known only to the inventor, Professor Engels, and the manufacturers, Messrs. Gehrader & Krebs, of Cologne. It is of the consistence of soft putty, and cannot be exploded by concussion. When lighted in the open air it simply burns without explosion; when confined and ignited by fulminate, the power is fully developed. The Prussians used it for destroying siege guns after the capture of Fort Issy. It is now used for blasting purposes in England. One pound and one and a half ounces of Sinofracteur fractured twenty-six feet of rock, and a similar quantity of the explosive brought down twenty tons of rock and loosened an enormous mass behind the bore. This new compound is gaining ground in Europe from its non-liability to explode in transportation, by concussion, or by the changes in the atmosphere.

—New Sweden, the Scandinavian colony, near Caribou, in Aroostook County, Maine, consists of 300 souls, of whom 100 were added to the number by a company that arrived a few weeks ago. The families average about four persons each, and the State of Maine gives to each family a farm of 100 acres, on condition that within five years a house shall be erected and fifteen acres be placed under cultivation. When the conditions are complied with, a deed in fee simple is given by the State to the colonist. Farms, it is stated, are now being laid out for the new company of emigrants in the district allotted to the Swedes, who have shown themselves to be hardy, energetic, and industrious. Plans for the purchase of a steam engine and for the erection of a steam saw-mill have been adopted, a handsome town hall has been erected, and a school has been opened to accommodate 100 of the colonists' children. The older Swedish emigrants are purchasing cultivated farms in the adjoining townships. Each member of the Scandinavian colony, it is estimated, is worth $1,000 to the State of Maine as a settler in an unimproved region.

POLITICAL.

The Democratic press of Maryland seem to anticipate the nomination of the Hon. William Pinkney Whyte as the Democratic candidate for Governor, on the first ballot.

—The St. Louis *Times* says: "We hear of but one Democrat in all Iowa who refuses to depart, and that is Le Grand Byington, of Iowa City. He is still making speeches on the Lecompton constitution. Should he come down to the attack on Fort Sumter by October, he may vote for Judge Knapp for Governor out of old friendship."

—The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says of the ambition of Simon Cameron for the Vice Presidency: "Simple Simon may as well give it up first as last. His little game will not work. He stands no more chance of being Vice President of the United States than of going down to posterity as a model of political purity and private integrity."

—Governor Walker attempted to solve the boundary muddle which has for a century puzzled the wiseacres of Maryland and Virginia, and, the better to settle the dispute, sent an emissary to London to look up the original grants. Greatly to his Excellency's delight, the records make plain work of the question, and a small speck of territory is thus disputed.

—The nominations of both parties for Congressmen in California are now complete. The Republican candidates are as follows: First District, S. O. Houghton; Second District, Aaron A. Sargent (renominated); Third District, John M. Coghlan. The Democratic candidates are: First District, Judge Lawrence Archer; Second District, James W. Coffroth; Third District, George B. Pease.

—It is asserted that the widely-extended movement to make Hancock the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is engineered in St. Louis under G. T. Glover, a leading lawyer of the State; ex-Senator Trusten Polk; Mr. Mantz, President of an insurance company, and others. Hancock is exceedingly popular in St. Louis, where he married, and it is claimed by his friends that a number of Conservative Republicans, including Senator Schurz and ex-Senator Henderson, favor his nomination.

—Ex-Governor Enos T. Throop, one of the oldest members of the far-famed Albany Regency, still lives at the ripe old age of 90. Governor Throop was the first to recommend the construction of railroads in New York, and in one of his messages predicted that a railroad would one day be built on the line of the Erie Canal; which was fulfilled by the construction of the New York Central many years after. In his early days he was defeated for Congress, because, while a member of that body, he voted, in connection with Henry Clay, to allow Congressmen $1,500 a year.

PERSONAL.

Bishops Simpson, Ames and Janes are at Cape May.

—Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, delivered his thirty-fifth annual sermon in Nahant, last Sunday.

—For thirty-one years William S. Stoddard has been a watchman at the Massachusetts State House.

—Nicholas Halpine, son of the late "Miles O'Reilly," has been admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

—The Earl and Countess Elsmere are making a tour of the American seaside resorts, and will visit Long Branch during the month of July.

—"The Good Gray Poet," Walt Whitman, is at present on his leave, and is "loafing and inviting his soul" at a farmhouse on Long Island, "close by the Salt Sea Wave."

—Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, is now announced out of danger. He has also escaped the painful operation of having his foot amputated, which was at one time threatened.

—The Congress of German bowlers will take place at Dresden, July 27, 1871. Messrs. Valentine Batz, Max Sleder and Louis Shade, members of the Bowlers' Convention held in Pittsburgh last month, were designated as delegates.

—It is said that the Parisian youth sell teeth of the dead Communists. Twenty-four sets of Dombrowski's have already been disposed of, and there was a brisk trade in Cluseret's until it was found that he was not dead.

—The Lyman family is to have a grand re-union in Northampton, Mass., on the 30th of August. Rev. Dr. Lyman Coleman, of Lafayette College, (who is writing a history of the family;) Hon. Lyman Tremain, of Albany, and Hon. J. Lyman, of Crittenden County, Vermont, are expected to be present.

—The Rev. Dr. Saunders, on Saturday, donated to the Presbyterians of Philadelphia property of the value of $100,000, for a hospital, in which the afflicted will be received, without distinction on account of "creed, country, or color." The grounds, bounded by four wide streets, comprise three and one-fifth acres, upon which buildings are erected.

—Mr. Ellis, of Braintree, Mass., found it necessary (or Mrs. Ellis did) to rebuke a domestic, whose delicate feelings were so hurt by the liberty taken with them that, when a good opportunity presented itself, she handsomely set fire to the house. Instead of being thankful to her for not poisoning the family, or murdering the children in their beds, Mr. Ellis sent for a policeman and had Miss Biddy locked up.

—A letter from Rome says that for nearly twenty years Pio Nino has been expecting to be assassinated; that he has had a presentiment that he would be slain in the 'City of the Soul,' and that he really covets martyrdom in the cause of the Church; believing that it would be a fitting close to his stormy career, and insure the canonization for which he has longed more than any earthly honor.

—The memory of the German philosopher whose works, as some one recently affirmed in the House of Lords, corrupt the morals of English youth—the author of the maxim, "Whatever is, is reasonable," has just been honored by some of his compatriots and disciples. With the product of the subscription raised eighteen months ago by the Philosophical Society of Berlin, a bust of Hegel has just been inaugurated in the capital of the New German Empire.

—General Rosecrans, President of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, has issued an address announcing that it has been determined to erect a colossal bronze equestrian statue of the General George H. Thomas, at Central Park, New York. General Rosecrans' letter is dated at San Rafael, Cal., where he now lives, but all communications are to be sent to General J. S. Fullerton, St. Louis.

—The late Albert Schumacher, of Baltimore, bequeathed $16,000 of Baltimore City stock to the German Society of Maryland, for the benefit of destitute Germans; $10,000 to the German Lutheran Church of the same city, for educational purposes; $2,000 to the [illegible], at Berlin, and $1,000 to the Verein Wohlthat, at Berlin. His will was made 27 years ago.

—Miss Tennessee Claflin, in a manifesto recently issued, threatens to open a "club for ladies and gentlemen on a scale of magnificence somewhat beyond that of any of the gentlemen's clubs in London and New York." In fact, "a grand city home such as the world has not seen, where men and women of letters and genius, great artists and the like and especially the great leaders of reform of all sorts, shall be as much at home as herself."

—The death of Jean Eugene Robert Houdin, the famous French magician, is announced. His age was 76. In early life he was a notary, but his fondness for mechanical inventions induced him to forsake the law for the pursuits of slight-of-hand. He appeared as a showman and "wizard" in 1830, and continued in public life thenceforward. In 1856 Louis Napoleon sent him to Algeria, where he confounded the marabouts who were trying to undermine French authority by beating them at their own tricks. He became celebrated for his ingenuity in contriving machinery for professional magicians, and for 30 years he gained a remunerative income by these singular inventions. The celebrated automaton chess-player and similar figures were of his manufacture.

—A Boston paper relates that Edward Everett, when at college, used to walk to Boston, when practicable, on Saturday mornings, carrying the week's soiled clothes in a bundle to be washed, and bringing back the bundle of clean clothes in the evening. There was not then a carpet, a window curtain, a sofa, or an easy chair in any student's room; and nearly all the young men brought their supply of water from the pump, and trimmed their own lamps.

—The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* publishes the following advertisement:

"NOTICE.—Whereas my husband, Charles F. Sanford, has thought proper to post me, and accuse me of having left his bed and board without cause, etc., I wish to make it known that [illegible]

ELEANOR J. SANFORD.

NORTH PROVIDENCE, July 1, 1871."

WASHINGTON.

A Last Out of Old Times.

The Grave of Elbridge Gerry.

The Author of "Gerrymandering."

Notes on His Career.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, July 4.

Taking a ride before breakfast this morning, I chose the road out to the old Congressional Cemetery, which stands next to the District Poor-house, upon a long, bleak, stretch of vacant lots in an unpopular part of the city. It was formerly called the "Washington Parish Burial Ground," and was set on this spot at the planting of the seat of government. One of the latest notable deposits made in it was the body of General John A. Rawlins, but it is crowded with tombs of more or less suggestion, and amongst them are the rather lavishly sculptured resting-places of two Vice Presidents, George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry. The former name was familiar to me, for he was emphatically that in our first war, which a good many jostlers of history have tried to be in our latest, "The Great War Governor."

GERRY'S GRAVE.

But Elbridge Gerry is a name already dim. He appeared to have been once a Roman Senator, or something as vague, and I watched his quaint, elaborate pile of white marble—soiled and mossy with the rains, which have washed from the cedar trees and thick bushy verdure overhanging it—with a suddenly reviving curiosity. To all, perhaps, except New Englanders, his name has lost all significance, except in the word *Gerrymandering* (which we generally pronounce *Jerry*, so little do we ascribe it to its true origin). But this monument, within a few months of half a century old, and whose contents, if any exist, have now been at rest fifty-seven years, denoted by its tall post, fully thirteen feet high, that Elbridge Gerry might have been something more than the primatives of Gerrymanderer. An urn above was carved with burning flame escaping, as if the damp mould could not suppress the spirit of Elbridge. Queer borderings enclosed staid letterings, which told his story:

"The tomb of Elbridge Gerry, Vice President of the United States, who died suddenly in this city, on his way to the Capitol as President of the Senate, November 23, 1814, aged seventy, thus fulfilling his memorable injunction, 'It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country.' Erected by order of the Congress of the United States."

WHO WAS ELBRIDGE?

Elbridge was the pioneer of Caleb Cushing, young J. Q. Adams, Nat Greene, Jr., and those few men and old gentlemen who keep the Democratic party in Massachusetts conveniently respectable and small. He was not a Congregationalist, and he is not known to have eaten codfish or have been impervious to the bite of a Mystic River mosquito. He assumed, therefore, a place of semi-hostility to the Commonwealth and to Hamiltonianism. He imported his reading matter from New York, and did not know any of the contributors to Ticknor & Fields. Such did Elbridge appear to me as I rode reflectively home to the [illegible].

He reposes far from the "Old South" Church, (or is it the "Old North"?) to which he is scrupulously never wanted, his face was turned toward Boston, as if waiting to meet his friends of the Jeffersonian party on the other shore. It is a simple, an affecting tale. The only difference between Elbridge and some other Massachusetts Democrats is that they have waited out of their graves and have had quite a sweat of it, while the old man has escaped without any noise all this time.

What, perhaps, was the "heft" of a man who has been dead so long, and was so old before he gave a day to his country? Mr. Gerry was of middle stature and spare frame. A large, broad head, high and prominent forehead, and a quick, piercing and expressive eye, completed the outline of a striking physiognomy. Perhaps this is the panegyric. Extremely temperate in all the indulgences of pleasure, he preserved a constitution, not originally robust, in a good degree of strength, so that to his latest day he never used glasses, and was able to read the smallest print without the aid of glasses. From this, it appears that the Democratic newspapers in his day, as at present, were sufficiently large to be read with the naked eye.

Belonging to that school of manners which commenced under the royal government, and perfected its pupils in the camp and Cabinet of the Revolution, regulating his deportment with courtesy towards others, and a personal dignity that never lost its self-respect, lofty without arrogance, affable without familiarity, he was at all times and under all circumstances entitled to the reputation of a perfect gentleman.

Such is the condition of the Massachusetts Democrat even in our time. His deportment is imposing and his author is Hawthorne. He lives this perfect life in hope of the Salem Custom House, and he mixes his own chowder.

FURTHER OF ELBRIDGE.

Our departed friend, to be fine about it, and follow the authorities, was born at Marblehead, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 17th day of July, 1744. His father, Thomas Gerry, was a native of Newton, in England, of respectable parentage and connexions. In 1730 he emigrated to America, and afterward married the only daughter of Enoch Greenleaf, of Boston, a gentleman of fortune, according to the estimates of those days. Soon after his marriage, old Gerry established himself as a merchant in Marblehead, where he continued to reside until his death in 1774. He (Elbridge) was so named in honor of a maternal ancestor. After receiving the rudiments of education at the common town schools, he entered Harvard College before he completed his fourteenth year, and received its first honors in 1762. Everybody who has come to Congress from Harvard [illegible] the first honors. First in college, first in the [illegible] late war, and first in the Congressional Cemetery; this was our departed friend.

At Marblehead, he, youthful Gerry, merchant and man of public spirit together, took as kindly to the English, and was as [illegible] in moving cannon balls and military stores out to Concord. He thus brought on the battle of that name, and so appears to have been first in both the former wars. Of course he went to Congress. He signed the Declaration of Independence number eight on the list, and at the early age of 32. He wrote a good hand for that age; the "g" in Elbridge makes a sweep like the tail of a comet, and very nearly takes the wind out of the 'B' of Josiah Bartlett who signed beneath. The portrait of Elbridge as he signed this name shows a face thin in the chops and a head bent down, either with brains or hair, in the apparent attitude of a dentist who affects to be examining your mouth, while really computing your bill. There are about equal parts of greenbacks and analysis in it. But his costume shows him to have been a revolutionary patriot, and he is beautifully shaved: Did you ever observe what a bare set of faces these patriots had? In addition to having no beards, many of them are bald. With what ease they must have eaten General Washington's soup!

ELBRIDGE A STATESMAN.

Prior to this time by a few months, our well-known friend was put into the rudimentary Treasury Department of the United States, and was President of the concern. He was a Naval Committee-man, and so forth in the revolution, and then, after taking lessons in the Massachusetts Legislature, Gerry went into the Federal Convention to make a government.

I hope that nobody is confounding our late friend with Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania. I say, I hope not.

In the convention, Elbridge believed that the State Governors ought to elect the President of the United States, and that the House of Representatives ought not to be elected by the people, but by the State Legislatures. Would this improve the Pennsylvania delegation? He was in favor of only one person being President, and we have got him. He suggested the veto qualification for the President. He favored a property qualification strenuously for Judges, Legislators, and Presidents. He moved a Bill of Rights. He said, with Mason of Virginia, that the constitution, as it was ready, would result in a monarchy or an aristocracy, and he refused to sign it. Such was this fine old Democrat—one of the olden time.

Elbridge sat in Congress between 1789 and 1793, and, although a Jeffersonian, he voted for Adams, who thereupon sent him, in 1797, to France, along with Pinckney and John Marshall. He was selected by Talleyrand as the old gentleman to make the little proposition of blackmail to, with regard to [illegible] our peace by paying the French Directory a subsidy. He gave Talleyrand a dinner, but the other Commissioners would not behave, and they wrote rough letters on our departed friend, Pinckney saying that he was "destitute of candor and full of deceit." How unjust upon our friend who lies in the national burying ground as the guest of his country! Here is a picture of Elbridge in Paris seventy-five years ago:

"The morning after my arrival I was waited on by the musicians of the executive, and the succeeding morning by a deputation of poissards, or fishwomen, for presents. Major Rutledge was kind enough to negotiate for me, by which means I avoided the kind caresses of the ladies, and an interview with the gentlemen. They expected fifteen or twenty guineas, which each of us, according to custom, was obliged to give them. When the ladies got sight of a Minister, as they did of my colleagues, they smother them with their delicate kisses! So much for the dignity of the *Corps Diplomatique*."

This, as Seymour said to Tilden, was terrible. But it is comforting that he wrote to us, for now we know that he existed in reality. He was no nondescript, but he was much reviled. The Boston Federalists, also, wrote letters to his wife and young family that he remained in Paris so long because the ladies there had more charms to him than Boston freedom. Actual yells were uttered under his abode at Cambridge—which is close enough to those who have seen the Cambridge Boat Club on good behavior at Worcester. Elbridge at last came home, and went to see the Adams family at Braintree, where he and old John, the President, had a Massachusetts chat, and they loved each other because neither loved anything else. About this time he was put out by his party, [illegible] Mr. Hamilton even more than Mr. Jefferson, and while Jefferson took the Presidency, Gerry was [illegible] Governor of Massachusetts, and lost in 1811, while Madison was President, they hooted our venerable friend out and elected Governor.

GERRYMANDER AT ITS DISCOVERY.

[illegible] was Russell, a famous editor of the Boston *Centinel*, Federalist organ, and an opponent of the measure of Gerry's friends, the Democrats, to redistrict Essex County. In 1811 he had prepared a colored map in which the towns set up for a Democratic district extended along three sides of a square. Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, standing in Russell's office, had remarked that those scattered towns, from Salisbury round to Marblehead, took the shape of a dragon, and he added with a pencil, claws, wings, and a head.

"There," said Stuart, "that will do for a salamander."

Russell looked up, and added, bitterly, "Call it a *Gerrymander*!"

At this time the Democrats had carried the Governorship for Gerry, and, also, both houses of the Legislature, and they were unscrupulously anxious to elect the future United States Senator, by reapportioning the State even to the extent of cutting counties in half. Stuart's figure of the *Gerrymander* was hawked all over the State, with descriptive particulars of a satirical turn.

Gerry's family biographer, admitting the mistake of this measure, thus mildly characterizes it. The matter is interesting in the light of modern now-a-days:

"The dominant party, he says, made a much more fatal mistake in a law for dividing the Commonwealth into districts for the choice of Counsellors and Senators.

"The constitution provided that 'the Senate of the State should consist of forty members, chosen by the inhabitants of the districts into which the Commonwealth may, from time to time, be divided by the General Court for that purpose,' and, in assigning members to be elected by the respective districts, 'regard should be had to the proportion of the public taxes paid in said districts.'

"The right of the Legislature to divide the State into districts, provided the proportion between the number of Senators and the amount of tax was properly observed, seems not to be doubtful. The propriety of an alteration of the existing districts was therefore a question of policy. In the new arrangement, such contiguous towns were classed together as inured to the Democratic party a small majority in most of the districts, and gave a large majority to the Federalists in the others, so that with an equal number of voters on each side throughout the State, the former party would, according to the votes of the two last previous elections, be sure of a majority of Senators. By increasing the number of their districts, it became obvious that they lessened their majority of voters in each of them, and although such an arrangement increased the number of their Senators, it did no more than give them a majority, which, even by parting with some, they would still have retained. It was obvious, too, that if there was only a small majority of voters in a district, the result of an election was exposed to hazard from the change of opinion even of a few individuals, and the consequence, therefore, was unnecessarily precarious.

"But, besides this, the new districts were arranged by breaking up counties, which had formed, as far as was possible, the ancient limits of Senatorial Districts, or by joining several counties together. They thus destroyed old associations and threw the electors into new combinations and connexions, in which local and territorial interests were confounded.

"In all these respects the law was injudicious; but there was a strong objection to it in the obvious motive to retain power in the hands of a party even against the will of the people. There was an apparent management, too plain not to be perceived, and which, being seen, was universally reprobated.

"To the Governor the project of this law was exceedingly disagreeable. He urged to his friends strong arguments against its policy as well as its effects. After it had passed both houses, he hesitated to give it his signature, and meditated returning it to the Legislature with his objections." But he signed it at last and passed to posterity as the great American Gerrymanderer.

HOW WE UTTER OUR EPITAPHS.

The queerly apposite inscription on Gerry's grave, dying as he did at full three score and ten, riding in his carriage to the Capitol, "giving his last day to the service of his country," gives the occasion to revive the circumstances under which he uttered it.

The roaring Boston Democrats, in the [illegible] of the matter against the Federalists there in declaring for the second war with England, were holding a war meeting, and were in need of a Chairman of social and reverend weight, all [illegible] being on the contrary side. A [illegible] man announced that Elbridge Gerry was in town, and moved that "the patriot, distinguished in the first movements of resistance to a haughty adversary, be invited to preside over the present deliberations." They cheered our venerable friend out of his retirement, and told him to go to the hall of deliberation. Says his biographer: "As ignorant of the occasion assigned him as the assembly was of his approach, he was conducted across the hall, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and he found himself not only in the presence of several thousands of his fellow-citizens, but in the place appointed for their moderator, and actually presiding in their councils."

The old gentleman then composed himself and spoke his epitaph thus neatly:

"I had not anticipated that at any time of life there could have been a scene like the present, but I yield to the call that is made on me, as I hold it to be the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."

LAST HONORS TO ELBRIDGE.

As Governor of Massachusetts Gerry was the Andrew Jackson of his time, preceding Jackson by several years, but, setting up the official guillotine, overthrowing the Federal banks, and, as we have said, creating the Gerrymander. But the Federalists had been as intolerant in opinion as he was in office. His election and popularity in the Democratic ranks put him on the ticket for Vice President with Madison, in May, 1812, the caucus having previously selected John Langdon, of New Hampshire. He was now very old, but a fine old fellow.

On his journey to Washington an incident occurred which serves to show the amenity of Mr. Gerry's disposition. He and Colonel Pickering were in the same stage-coach. Arriving late at Hartford, Connecticut, the house afforded but one unoccupied bed, which was, of course, assigned to the Vice President, while his fellow-passengers were destined to pass the night on a table or chair. He could not permit a person of the Colonel's age to be thus incommoded, and offered him the half of the accommodation appropriated to himself, which was gladly accepted, and the old gentleman passed the night in the same bed as quietly as if they had always been personal friends. This is rare with old gentlemen and Vice Presidents.

On the 24th of May, 1813, at a special session of Congress, he took his seat as President of the Senate. On this occasion he addressed the body in a speech, unusual indeed, if regard be had to precedent, but consistent enough with the natural frankness of his character, and the earnestness with which he was ever ready to bring all the resources of his mind, and all the influence of his station, to the aid of his political principles.

Instead of the few complimentary phrases which usually serve the ceremony of introduction, the Vice President entered into [illegible] a formal review of the state of the country, bestowing a panegyric on the exalted personage who filled the Supreme Executive, not disguising a reproof of any who would distract the unity of the public councils, and exciting a spirit that should "meet with ardor an indispensable war."

In just eighteen months Elbridge Gerry closed his eyes in his carriage on the way to the capitol and never opened them again.

BOILED DOWN.

He was simply a sturdy, resisting old Massachusetts Democrat, the most positive of that class, and the most successful. On occasion he could be broad, positive, and patriotic. In office he was a cold-hearted disciplinarian, the predecessor by only a short time of the Blair and the rest of the Jackson crowd, and his party finally surrendered its principles to its organization, and its organization came to depend upon a few loose traditions as tolerable as Gerry's political career.

But as this is only a study of one long dead, let his biographer have the last words to say.

"Nothing could be more inappropriate" said of him than that he was unsure. His fault was of an opposite kind. A fond and affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a friendly neighbor, most liberal in hospitality, and generous in his contributions to alleviate distress, he was entitled to high rank in the calendar of the humane and benevolent. His exertions to do good within the circle of his personal influence were limited only by his means. It was his habit of his life to consider nothing a sacrifice which added to the comfort of his friends, and wholly to forget all self-interested motives in his endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the humbler members of society.

"Two circumstances have contributed to the erroneous estimate which, in this respect, has been made of his character. The furrows of care were early traced on his countenance. This appearance, with a singular habit of contracting and expanding very rapidly the muscles of the eye, gave to his features the appearance of sternness, which had really no connection with his mind.

"Another cause for this opinion was the severity of his administration of the State Government. Numerous removals from office produced much individual suffering, which was naturally enough charged to the Governor. It is not proper to anticipate occurrences, which remain to be related, further than to say, that much of that course was in no degree attributable to him, and that his reluctant share in it caused him some of the most painful moments of his life. With all the clamor at the time, the objects of his party were not thoroughly accomplished, because the Chief Magistrate shrunk from inflicting personal distress; and many individuals were left in the enjoyment of official station, whom the stern decrees of political proscription had selected for sacrifice.

"It was with more truth he was accused of obstinacy. Forming his opinions with deliberation, he yielded them with reluctance. Feeling the conviction produced by thorough investigation, it was not easy to change his results. The tenacity with which he clung to such sentiments as his judgment approved, may at times have been too determined, and probably obstinate.

"This tendency was increased by another, which was the weakest trait of his mind. He was habitually suspicious. Accustomed in the early period of his life to watch with a jealous eye, the actions and opinions of those who administered the government, to anticipate evil even for other's good, and to calculate on coming danger before even its shadow could be seen, he acquired an indisposition to give his confidence easily, readily, or freely. This habit increased as he advanced in life, for 'confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' There was little of the art of acquiring popularity in entertaining such a state of mind; less in letting it be seen. They who were associated with him were often oppressed with a conviction that he was doubtful of their sincerity, and this feeling on their part generated a state of things which otherwise would not have existed. It is something anomalous in the history of character, that an individual punctiliously upright in his own conduct, should unwillingly admit the sincerity of others.

"Mr. Gerry was an exemplary citizen in all the duties of private life. Adhering to the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, he was zealous without bigotry, and liberal enough to admit [illegible] the Christian world was divided." GATH.

[illegible]

[illegible] the New Orleans *Picayune* tells the following: [illegible] It was more than he could endure, and, with a yell of fright and a wild jump for liberty, he cleared the circle at a bound, and made for the woods, the whole yelping crowd at his heels; but terror lent him [illegible], and he was soon found [illegible] toward the city. [illegible] Arraigned before Judge Leclerc, he attempted an explanation of his unhappy condition; but his terror was so great and his ideas so confused, that he could say nothing intelligibly. Under the circumstances he was very properly sent to the asylum as insane.

TRAGEDY AT CLINTON, ILL.

Shooting of a Young Lady—The Murderer Still at Large.

From the DeKalb County (Ill.) News, July 5.

In the southeast corner of Clinton lives a widow lady named McCormick, whose daughter, spoken of as a pretty, modest girl of 17, has for some time been annoyed by the attentions of a young Irishman named John Reed, whom, it seems, was not welcome at the lady's home, Mrs. McCormick not deeming him desirable company for her intellectual and cherished daughter—Joanna, for such was her name—and this state of affairs seemed to enrage the young man, who had expressed a wish to marry the young lady, but who was told by her mother that he could not have her if she (the mother) could prevent it. Reed had called at the house now and then, and had taken the young lady to one or two parties. It is said he called at the McCormick's on Monday, and endeavored to persuade Miss M. to visit DeKalb with him on the Fourth and witness the doings there. This she refused to do, as she had a perfect right to, and thus matters were for a time settled. At about dusk, between 7 and 8 o'clock on Monday night, the small family was gathered around the tea-table, when all of a sudden a double-barrelled shot-gun was thrust into the window and a shot fired, which was closely followed by another. Of course all was terror, confusion, consternation—the room was filled with smoke, while the wads from the discharged gun lay burning on the floor. But the deed was done, the young lady had been shot twice in the head, and in an instant the being who but a moment before was in good health and buoyant spirits, was now a corpse in her friends' arms.

The news spread through the sparsely settled neighborhood, very quickly, and it was not long before numerous friends of the family were present to give any assistance in their power. Among them was Mr. Griffin who informed those present that but a short time before Reed had called at his house, armed with a double-barrelled gun. He seemed excited and conducted himself in such a manner as to arouse the fears of Mr. Griffin's family, but the fellow soon went away and passed from sight. He had not been gone long, however, before he returned, with empty gun. This time he asked Mr. Griffin to pray for him, and requested him to write to his (Reed's) mother who lives in Minnesota, where R. formerly resided. He also gave some directions in regard to several matters of minor importance, and then, with a piece of raw meat, covered with strychnine, started, as he said, for the purpose of poisoning a wolf, at the same time conveying the idea that he would soon be dead, and told where, in a [illegible] not far off, his body could be found, [illegible] he would indicate by sticking up a stake. But the probability is, his story was only a ruse to get the people to spend time searching for his worthless carcass while he would thus gain time to make his flight the more sure. Our informant, Mr. D. Bradshaw, of Shabbona, left the scene of the murder yesterday (Tuesday) morning, and at that time no clue had been obtained as to the whereabouts of Reed, the supposed murderer.

The Justice issued a warrant, and a coroner's jury was summoned. Their verdict, in view of the facts obtained, was that the lady died from a gunshot wound at the hands of John Reed. Four buck-shot, or slugs, with numerous small shot, perforated the victim's brain.

The case is a sad one, and is the third murder in this county within two years.

A Great Railroad Enterprise.

From the New York Sun, July 4.

We have received a copy of the report made to the Directors of the New York, West Shore, and Chicago Railroad Company by General Charles P. Stuart, engineer-in-chief of the enterprise. The design of this company is to open a new line of railway from New York to Chicago, by a new road hence to Buffalo, connecting there, through the International bridge now in process of construction, with the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways in Canada, and through them, and more especially through the Great Western, with the Michigan Central.

Between New York and Buffalo the distance of the proposed line will be 420 miles, or twenty-four miles less than the distance by the Hudson River and New York Central. From this city to Catskill the road will follow the west shore of the Hudson river, keeping close to the water's edge. Upon this part of the line the maximum grade will not exceed ten feet per mile, while the curves will all be large enough to allow the highest rate of speed. Unlike the Hudson River Railroad, there will be no reverse curves, and no tunnels, nor any embankments of magnitude.

At Catskill the road will leave the Hudson river, and proceed in almost a direct line to the Mohawk, at Schenectady. Thence the route will lie along the south side of the Mohawk and the Erie Canal to Utica; from that place to Syracuse the course will be almost directly west. On this part of the line the grades going east will nowhere exceed thirty feet to the mile, and going west they will not exceed [illegible] feet to the mile, while on the same part of the line the Central Railroad has grades of thirty-eight feet to the mile. From Syracuse to Buffalo the line will be almost straight, leaving Rochester considerably to the north.

It appears that this company have become owners of the franchise of the West Shore Railroad, chartered some time since by the Legislature of New Jersey. This gives the company control of a frontage of 22 miles [illegible] along the line of New York harbor, [illegible] water for wharves on the bay. For the whole length of the Palisades the bay has an average depth of 45 feet of water. The value of this vast extent of water front can scarcely be over-estimated. Ships of any size can be lain alongside the warehouses of the company, and can take in their freight with a facility not enjoyed elsewhere to the same extent. This water front can also be improved for use at comparatively little expense. Between the Palisades and the river the bank varied in width from 200 to 1,200 feet; and wharves and storehouses can be erected there without the necessity of expensive stone excavations.

General Stuart argues in his report that there will be little competition between the West Shore division of this line and the Hudson River Railroad. On the east side of the Hudson River there are already three or four railroads running parallel to each other, and all prosperous; while on the west side there is yet not a single one. At the same time the most populous and busy towns and cities are on the west side, and he is confident that these towns will at once furnish a very large local traffic.

General Stuart proposes a double track of railroad of four feet eight and a half inches gauge, with cuts and embankments twenty-four feet wide at grade, the bridges to be of wrought iron, the rails of steel weighing sixty pounds per yard, with ties of white oak, and ballast of broken stone. The total cost of the 420 miles he estimates at $26,212,500, or a little over $62,000 a mile. This estimate, however, does not include the cost of station houses or rolling stock.

The road will be, in every respect, more substantial than either the New York Central or the Hudson River, and it will be perfectly practicable to run passenger trains upon it with ordinary safety at a speed of fifty miles an hour. With its shorter line and more direct communication with Chicago through Canada and the Michigan Central, this road must necessarily become a favorite for through traffic. General Stuart estimates that the gross income will be over twenty-three millions a year, and the net income over nine millions, giving 18½ per cent profit on a capital of fifty millions.

We learn that the gentlemen engaged in this enterprise have already substantially completed arrangements in England by which the money necessary for the construction of the road from this city to Buffalo is to be procured at 7 per cent per annum, and that Mr. John M. Courtney, accompanied by the Hon. William M. Evarts, counsel for the company, leave for London to-day to consummate the negotiations. The work, we are assured, is to begin at once, the right of way in most of the counties of this State having been freely given to the company without any other compensation than the benefits expected from the construction of the road. The importance of this enterprise cannot be exaggerated, and we trust no accident may occur to delay the rapid construction of a work so necessary to the prosperity of our commerce, and to the relief of the people from the enormous impositions which Commodore Vanderbilt levies upon them, or from the greater ones which he would levy if he could control the Erie Railway managers.

CROPS.

The Appleton (Wis.) *Post* says that, in Outagamie County, winter wheat is looking finely; spring wheat is light; corn and oats will give an average yield.

—The Kewaunee (Wis.) *Enterprise* says that winter wheat and rye never promised a more abundant harvest than now. Oats also give promise of being a good crop. Spring wheat, however, must be pronounced a failure; many pieces will not pay for the cutting.

—The Green Bay (Wis.) *Gazette* says: "The farmers in this section report the crop prospect generally as being fair. In the western part of the county the spring wheat does not look very well. Advices from the town of Seymour say that the rust has appeared in the spring wheat, and it is doubtful whether much of the crop can be saved."

—The Charles City (Iowa) *Intelligencer* says of crop prospects in Floyd County: "Crop prospects are a hundred per cent better than they were two weeks ago. [illegible] the wheat head out well, though the straw will be short. There will undoubtedly be a full average crop. Corn is looking splendidly."

—A letter from Three Rivers, Mich., July 4, says: [illegible]

THE HARPETH HORROR.

Details of the Catastrophe on the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Union (Extra) July 4.

In the *Union* of this morning we made brief mention of a railroad accident that had occurred on a westward-bound train on the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad, which left here at 8:20 on Monday night. At the time that paragraph was written there were but few persons who even knew that an accident of any kind had occurred, and those who were apprised of the rumor of a disaster had but little idea of the fearful calamity which has caused a gloom throughout our entire community.

The accident occurred at the bridge over Harpeth River, just this, the other side of Newsom's station. As the engine and baggage-car had reached the other side of the river the bridge suddenly gave way, and three coaches were precipitated into the river.

The engine and tender had cleared the bridge, the baggage-car was nearly on a balance, the hind trucks hanging unsupported over the break, but the front and body held it on the track. The smoking-car, which came next, went directly down and was a complete wreck, appearing as a disordered broken mass. Next to this came the ladies' car, which plunged, front end foremost, into the water, to the depth of some seven feet, and stood nearly perpendicular. The sleeping-car, being last, followed, end foremost, striking just at the edge of the water, the rear end resting against the bridge abutment above.

It was about half-past 9 o'clock when the accident occurred—an hour and 10 minutes after the train left the depot in this city.

It was about half-past 12 o'clock this morning when the news of the disaster first reached the city. Superintendent Thomas was made acquainted with what had happened, and left immediately on a special train to the scene of the disaster. In company with Superintendent Thomas were Drs. Briggs, Buist, and Maddin, who had been summoned to render aid to the wounded.

It was about half-past 2 o'clock in the morning when a despatch was received from the wreck, announcing the extent of the accident. In this despatch it was stated that ten or twelve persons had been killed, but only the names of a few of the victims were given. Other despatches followed in succession, and at 3:15 a telegram was received at the depot, communicating the intelligence that the train with the dead and wounded had left the wreck for this city. In this last despatch, Superintendent Thomas directed that a messenger be sent to Greenroe & Co., the undertakers, to meet the train at 4 o'clock, with a sufficient number of vehicles to provide for the dead and wounded.

The train from the wreck, in charge of Superintendent Thomas, arrived at twenty minutes before five o'clock, when the wounded were quickly removed to different places throughout the city, where all the necessary comfort and attention could be given.

The dead were, as soon as possible, removed to the undertaking establishment of R. H. Greenroe & Co., on Cherry street, and shortly afterwards the coroner summoned a jury, who proceeded to hold an inquest, the return of said jury of inquest being as follows:

STATE OF TENNESSEE, DAVIDSON COUNTY.—An inquisition, taken at the office of R. H. Greenroe, on Cherry street, on the 4th of July, 1871, before me, F. W. Sloan, coroner of said county for the county aforesaid, duly commissioned and qualified according to law, upon the view of the bodies of J. G. Hornberger, John Marshall, Alexander Wright, [illegible] then and there lying dead, [illegible] who, being sworn and charged to inquire on the part of the said State, when, where and after what manner the said persons came to their death, [illegible]

The verdict of the Coroner's jury gives the names of the dead so far as is known, but it is feared that others went down with the wreck, and were either drowned or crushed beneath the *debris* of the suspended train.

Among the names of the dead are Charles Campbell, his wife, and child, of Edgefield. Mr. Campbell was formerly the well-known member of the firm of Campbell & Spire, wholesale dealers in queensware and chinaware. The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Campbell and his family are peculiarly distressing. He had been in bad health for over a year. Early last spring he visited Florida, where he remained several months, and returned to his home much improved in health, but the warm weather of the past few weeks weakened him considerably, and he had concluded to spend the balance of the summer at Kingston Springs. With his wife and child he left on the ill-fated train, and to-day a father, mother, and a large circle of relatives mourn the untimely death of the husband, while kindred also weep over the remains of his beloved wife and child. Mr. Campbell was an enterprising and upright citizen, and enjoyed the esteem of the community at large. [illegible]

Among the victims to this appalling calamity was John Marshall, Esq., one of our prominent lawyers, and the son of the late Hon. John Marshall, of Williamson County, [illegible] one of the ablest jurists of the age. He was on his way to attend court at Charlotte. Mr. Marshall [illegible] by his able and learned father, and about the close of his studies entered the Confederate army, with which he remained in the artillery branch until the close of the war. On his return to his home he resumed his law course and commenced the practice in this city in 1865, a co-partner of Hon. David Campbell, of Williamson. He was a lawyer of great promise, and was steadily making his way to the front ranks of the profession.

The name of J. G. Hornberger appears in the list of the killed. He arrived from Clarksville on Monday night, and made a close connection with the ill-fated train, being on his way to attend court at Charlotte. General J. G. Hornberger was born in Stewart County, [illegible] on the Memphis, Clarksville & Louisville Railroad, and was about 51 or 52 years old. His parents died when he was quite young, and he was thrown upon the world to fight the battle of life without wealth or wealthy friends to aid him. With a very limited education he commenced the study of the law against the advice of friends, and, contrary to the expectation of such, he made himself, by dint of energy and indomitable industry, one of the best lawyers in the State. [illegible] He was never idle. He loved his profession, and labored in it to the last moment of his life. In 1869 he was elected to the Legislature from Montgomery county, where he had lived from early boyhood, and served in that body through its several sessions. However others may have differed with him in that body, none failed to give him credit for honesty, integrity, and purity of purpose. He leaves a wife, but no children, surviving him. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and was one of the leaders of that Church at Clarksville.

Alex. Wright, whose name appears above, was a native of Scotland, and formerly a well-known citizen of Nashville. He was one of the early settlers of White Bluff, and has been in the mercantile business at that place for seven or eight years. He was also the express station agent at that point. Mr. Wright was the son-in-law of James Sloan, Esq., of this city, and leaves a family and a large number of relatives to mourn his loss. He was taken from the ruins in a dying condition, and expired about midnight between the wreck and this city.

In addition to the name of Mrs. Campbell, referred to above, Mrs. F. Dunn, mentioned among the killed, was the wife of Thos. M. Dunn, Esq., of Kingston Springs, formerly sheriff of Cheatham county. Mrs. Emma Yeatman was formerly Miss Moon, and the wife of Capt. Wm. E. Yeatman, of Memphis. She and her husband were *en route* for the springs to see their parents.

Wiley Howard, who was among the killed, was a resident of Chapel Hill, Tenn., and late a student of Cumberland University. He was on his way to see his half brother, R. F. Boyd, at Bell's Station, on that road.

John E. Crockett and his son, Wm. Crockett, both of whom were residents of Chapel Hill, Tenn. The latter was a clerk in the house of E. T. Williams at that place.

Mrs. Burns and child, living near Smith's Station, two hundred yards beyond the wreck, for whose getting off they had rung the car to stop, were among the killed. Mr. Lynch, living near Newsom's, was killed outright. Deputy Sheriff Pendergrast, of Dixon county, was killed. Miss H. Ettie Jones, of Huntsville, Alabama, in whose trunk a certificate was found, [illegible] recommending her as a successful teacher, bearing date June 26, 1871, was also among the killed.

We give below a list of the wounded, which, however, is not believed to be full: Thomas Wain, of the firm of Wain & Walker, hatters of the city, very considerably bruised, but not dangerously hurt; W. W. Gibes, brakeman, leg broken; Miss Sophronia Heard, of Trenton, Tenn., [illegible] her head is badly cut, besides having severe bruises, and it is feared that she is seriously injured internally; [illegible] but is resting quietly; she is at the Nicholson House, well cared for, and will go to her relatives, near Lavergne, this evening.

Mr. Scott and Miss Heard were sitting just to the right of Mr. John Marshall, on a seat opening both ways. When the shock came he fell and they upon him. He was nearly suffocating and asked them to get off him. Miss Heard told him she was so fastened in the rubbish that she could not move. He then told her he knew she would get off if she could, and he soon ceased to speak or breathe. Mr. Crutcher, formerly of this place, and Mr. Brown, of Jeffersonville, were both slightly bruised, but they went on the train to Dickson County.

Captain Wm. E. Yeatman was injured considerably in the lungs, and his brother Thomas Yeatman received injuries in the spine. Both are at the Maxwell House and being cared for. [illegible] is mentioned among the wounded. His injuries, however, are only slight. Thomas M. Dunn, husband of the lady who was killed, was badly hurt in the back, and received injuries which it is thought may prove fatal. John Campbell, of this city, son of the late Rev. John P. Campbell, had his head cut and leg considerably bruised. [illegible]

[illegible] Train No. 5, on which the accident occurred, left Nashville at 8:20 p.m. Monday night. The train was composed of one baggage-car, one second-class car, one first-class ladies' coach and sleeping-car, and between fifty and seventy-five passengers. The train arrived at Bellevue, twelve miles from Nashville, at 9:10, on time, and dropped several passengers. It proceeded two miles further to bridge No. 7, over Harpeth, and the scene of the disaster, fourteen miles from the city. On reaching the bridge, Conductor R. H. Landis rang the bell to notify the engineer that he had a passenger to let off at Smith's mill, a flag station about fifty yards beyond the bridge. The speed of the train was slackened at this signal, and as soon as the engine struck the bridge the engineer felt it giving way, and then the crash came. Had the train been running at its usual full speed when crossing, the conductor is of opinion that it would have passed safely; but running slowly, with a view to stopping, it was precipitated below. The locomotive and baggage-car passed safely. The lady who was going to get off at the flag station was among the killed. The train fell a distance of 24 feet, there being 10 feet of water below at the time. The ladies' coach and the sleeping-car jammed into each other, the other car tumbling crosswise, the wreck lying in the river in the shape of a T. The scene that followed beggars description. The cries of the living, the groans of the wounded, and bleeding forms to be rescued from the wreck, so recently full of hope and lusty life, presented a saddening spectacle, the like of which has never before been witnessed in this community. Most of the killed must have been killed outright, or have died in a few minutes after the crash. Mr. Landis, the conductor, is badly hurt. A deep wound appears over the temple, penetrating to the bone, and several inches in length. His leg is also badly broken and badly shattered. He is at the Commercial Hotel and in a fair way to recover.

R. T. Stone, Talladega, Alabama, a passenger on the sleeping-car, was lying in a lower berth, about midway of the car. He says he was almost half asleep, and was aroused by a crash and falling motion of the car. The conductor and the porter came tumbling down the passage. He realized a serious accident at once. The car was stopped at an angle of about 45 degrees, its front end hanging on the railroad-track, the front door at the edge of the water. He said he knew that as soon as the car stopped its motion the danger was over. [illegible]

Mr. Stone and the others with him then consulted as to what they could do to relieve those in the cars below. Their screams were heart-rending. We went down, said he, and reached the ladies' car, where we commenced taking out those we could reach by tearing [illegible] the sides of the car. [illegible] We got out, says Mr. Stone, all that were in the ladies' car, except, perhaps, some who may have been in the crushed bottom of the car. He left the scene about daylight and came to this city.

Superintendent Thomas, who repaired to the scene of disaster upon the first intimation of its occurrence, says that the broken timbers, so far as he was able to examine, were sound, and he was not able to discover from what cause the unfortunate accident proceeded. [illegible]

The place of the accident was in Davidson County, within two miles of the Cheatham County line. At 11½ o'clock to-day Governor Brown, accompanied by a jury of inquest, composed of mechanics and business men, proceeded in a special train to the scene of the accident, and all the circumstances connected with this most terrible occurrence will be most carefully scrutinized. Their report will be awaited with feelings of deepest anxiety.

All who were present at the wreck bear testimony to the noble conduct of Mr. R. T. Stone, of Talladega, Ala., who, with the aid of a colored porter, did all in the power of mortals to aid and extricate those in the cars of the dead and wounded.

Dr. John H. Callender, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum; Terry H. Cahal, Esq., and Mrs. Shepherd Wells, of St. Louis, had their trunks packed and expected to have left on the ill-fated train, but from some cause postponed their departure. Dr. Callender was alone prevented from going to Memphis by not receiving a letter from Dr. Anderson in regard to some business connected with the asylum. Dr. A. had locked his office door, and Dr. Callender, not being able to get in for some little time, missed the train.

The remains of General Hornberger were taken to Clarksville by the noon train.

The scene at the depot this morning was [illegible]. Persons were hurrying wildly hither and thither, and eager inquiries were on every lip. The corpses of the killed were conveyed from the depot to Greenroe's undertaker's establishment to be prepared for interment. No such scene was ever witnessed in Nashville before. Cherry street, from Union to the Maxwell House, was literally blocked.

The City Hall bell tolled all the morning. The city, indeed, was in mourning on the 4th of July, 1871. May we never see such another day of sorrow, of weeping, and tribulation in our midst.

Pursuant to the request embraced in the following proclamation of Mayor Morris, business was generally suspended throughout the city, and the demeanor of our people was such as to attest the deep sorrow they felt:

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, NASHVILLE, July 4, 1871.—[illegible] K. J. MORRIS, Mayor."

The Horrors of a Pennsylvania Canal Drops Out.

Wilkesbarre, Pa. (July 4) Correspondence of the New York Herald.

To-day we have a second edition of the [illegible] in New Jersey, at a point on the Morris Canal, with the addition that instead of [illegible] of a canal tumbled out, [illegible] have been rendered for a time useless by the break.

About 6 o'clock this morning people residing in the vicinity of the Burroughs mines, on what is known as the plank road, were startled by a loud rumbling noise, and equally surprised to notice that the water in the North Branch of the Wyoming Canal had begun to run up stream. It was soon ascertained that a portion of the bottom of the Mill Creek level of the canal, over the Burroughs mines, had caved in, causing a hole fifty feet long and of the width of the canal and tow-path. The casualty involves the flooding of the Enterprise mine, of J. H. Swoyer slope and shaft, the Mitchel mine, part of Bowkley mine, the mine of Elliott & Co., and probably the works of Mr. Hileman, as these mines are all connected with gangways.

All the water of the level poured into the opening, and it may be said that the mines have received a quantity of liquid two miles long and about four feet deep. The accident occurred at a point over a portion of the Burrough's mine, which had been worked out, and was caused, most likely, by the robbing of the supports of the roof, a practice which sometimes prevails when chambers have been exhausted. The amount of damage cannot be estimated at present, but will be heaviest in the stoppage of the works—probably for some weeks. The canal will also be useless for a time.

Preparations for an artificial bottom of the canal will be commenced at once, and the mines be pumped out. The latter operation can go on while the repairs are being made, as the entire level is not clear of water. Fortunately the event took place to-day, when all the employés of the mines were celebrating our national holiday. Great loss of life must [illegible] had the mines been working as usual. As it is, we have nothing but a vexatious delay in the business of that part of the valley to regret.

—The *Times*, published at Kalama, Washington Territory, the Columbia River terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, says: [illegible]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED

MURRAY

&

LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

The most lasting, agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye.

[illegible]

Royal Havana Lottery of Cuba.

[illegible]

THIERS AND THE REPUBLIC.

The Condition of France and Her Future Political Prospects.

The following is the text of Thiers' speech recently delivered in the National Assembly: I must tell you what the state of the country really is. I will do so without exaggeration, but also without dissimulation. We have just ended a great civil war—one, I believe, of the greatest that ever afflicted any nation. [illegible]

THE ONARGA TRAGEDY.

A Man Brutally Murders His [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

If the monarchy is to be restored in this country, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE ONARGA TRAGEDY.

A Man Brutally Murders His Son, and is Lynched.

From the Peoria (Ill.) Review, July 6.

A few days ago we gave a brief statement of a brutal murder near Onarga, in this State, in which a father killed his own son. The prominent actor in this dreadful tragedy was named Martin Mera, an Irishman by birth, [illegible]

[illegible]

The jury, on these facts, brought in a verdict that Martin Mera, Sr., had feloniously, intentionally, and with malice aforethought murdered his son, Martin Mera, Jr., on the 14th day of June, and committed him to appear at the Circuit Court on Wednesday, 5th. [illegible]

[illegible]

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

Friday Evening, July 7.

The following table of present prices of railway stocks, compared with the prices for the same stocks at this time last year, shows that with one exception, the stocks of all the roads diverging westward from Chicago are lower than a year ago, while the stocks of roads in nearly all other quarters are higher than a year ago:

	July 7, 1871.	July 7, 1870.
St. Paul, preferred	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Paul, common	[illegible]	[illegible]
Northwestern, preferred	[illegible]	[illegible]
Northwestern, common	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Island	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago & Alton	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

Messrs. B. M. Moore & Co., General Insurance Agents, have moved their office from the old stand at 49 LaSalle street, where they have been located so long, to 125 LaSalle street. [illegible]

The following quotations for buying and selling government bonds and local stocks in this market, this afternoon, are furnished by Lunt, Preston & Kean, bankers, 47 Clark street:

	Buying.	Selling.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

Friday Evening, July 7.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

	Receipts. 1871.	Receipts. 1870.	Shipments. 1871.	Shipments. 1870.
Flour, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

CHICAGO LUMBER MARKET.

Friday Evening, July 7.

[illegible]

CHICAGO DAILY MARKET.

Friday Evening, July 7.

[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Friday, July 7.

The following table shows the daily receipts of live stock during the week up to this evening:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tuesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wednesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Thursday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Friday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

[illegible]

New York Dry Goods Market.

[illegible]

Eastern Live Stock Markets.

[illegible]

Pittsburgh Market.

[illegible]

Southern Cotton Markets.

[illegible]

The Produce Markets.

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

CLEVELAND.

[illegible]

LOUISVILLE.

[illegible]

MEMPHIS.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible]

CINCINNATI.

[illegible]

BUFFALO.

[illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Chicago.

ARRIVED.....July 7.

[illegible]

Vessels Passed Detroit.

[illegible]

Vessels Passed Welland Canal.

[illegible]

Lake Freights.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous Items.

[illegible]

SCHENCK'S MEDICINES.

CONSUMPTION,

ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE

BY

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

[illegible]

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

[illegible]

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

[illegible]

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

[illegible]

HURLBUT & EDSALL,
32 Lake-st., Chicago, Ill.

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. E. A. Bassett.

[illegible]

Dr. A. G. Olin,
123 WASHINGTON-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

[illegible]

TIME-TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S MEDICINES.

BUCHU.

From Dispensatory of the United States.

Diosma Crenata--Buchu Leaves.

PROPERTIES.

[illegible]

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

Extract Buchu

[illegible]

Diseases of Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

Extract Buchu

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

Extract Buchu

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

ROSE WASH

[illegible]

H. T. HELMBOLD,

594 Broadway, New York.

[illegible]

H. T. HELMBOLD.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Splendid Contest Between the White and Red Stockings.

The Bostons Narrowly Escape Nine "Muffs"—Score, 7 to 1.

The Game Characterized by Brilliant Play on Both Sides.

Running and Trotting at Long Branch and Toledo.

Base Ball.

WHITE VS. RED STOCKINGS.

Nobody would have believed it possible, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, that Chicago's prestige in the matter of base ball was to be regained before sunset in one of the most brilliant, faultless contests on record. ...

The Turf.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

LONG BRANCH, July 7.—The first race, to-day, for the July stakes of $1,100, three-quarters of a mile, was won by Hubbard, Mattie second ...

RACING AT TOLEDO.

REAL ESTATE.

The Mysterious Murder of an Unknown Insane Girl Near Baltimore.

From the Baltimore American, July 5.

We have taken some pains to investigate and get at the truth of the foul and wanton murder of an unknown insane girl near Chase's Station, in Baltimore County, on the night of Friday, the 23d ultimo ...

THE LAW COURTS.

A Citizen Deprived of a Fortune by a Superior Court Jury.

The Claw-Hammer Man Made Debtor to His ex-Wife in the Sum of $7,000.

Superior Court.

A FORTUNE LOST IN A DAY.

In the case of William H. Lotz against the City, wherein Mr. Lotz claimed a small fortune—$30,000—as damages for the amputation of his leg by reason of the crushing of his foot at Clark street during the operation of closing the bridge, the jury found the city not guilty. ...

Circuit Court.

County Court.

Criminal Court.

GRAND JURY STILL IN SESSION.

The Police Courts.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Editorial Excursion.

Trial of Fire Alarm Telegraph and New Water Pipe.

Amusements.

Coroner's Inquest.

Dramatic.

Sunday Non-Franciscan Mail Train.

A Thief Shot.

Called to the Ring.

Meteorological.

Miscellaneous.

THE HALSTED TRAGEDY.

Funeral of the Murdered Man—A Heroic Widow—An Interview with Colonel "Abe" Halsted.

Yesterday the funeral of the murdered man took place from his widow's residence, corner of Parkhurst and South Broad streets. ...

OLIVER S. HALSTED, JR.

"PET."

The Dead Lieutenant in Corea.

From the Cleveland Leader.

THE ALEUTIANS IN ALASKA.

Tour of a Russian-Greek Bishop—Condition of the Native Christians—Commerce.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, June 11.

Bishop Johannes, the chief ecclesiastic of the Russian-Greek Church in America, has returned to this city after a tour of some two months among the faithful in Alaska. ...

THE MORMON MUSS.

The Threatened Conflict Averted—Brigham's Lieutenant General Eats His Big Words and Backs Down.

Salt Lake (July 4) Dispatch to the New York Herald.

A Row at West Point—No Fourth of July and no Ball.

THE PUTNAM MURDER.

Application for a Stay of Proceedings in Foster's Case—A Memorial to the Governor for a Commutation of Sentence of Death.

From the New York Herald, July 6.

Miniature Table d'Hote.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BORN.

DIED.

LOST AND FOUND.

SEWING MACHINES.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

AMUSEMENTS.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Last two performances of

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

AND THE DEBUTANTE.

Matinee at 2:30. Evening at 8:15.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

IMPERIAL JAPANESE!

The Great Majilton Family,

The Child Wonder, America,

THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES,

VIENNOISE BALLET.

COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM.

THE GREAT SAPPHO,

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH!

KATIE PUTNAM,

And her Sparkling Comedy Company.

RANDALL'S THUMB!

RACING AT DEXTER PARK,

Saturday, July 15, 1871.

AUCTION SALES.

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

At Auction,

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Carpets and Crockery,

18 Parlor Suits, 25 Lounges, Chamber Sets, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Desks, Office Chairs, Refrigerators, Mirrors, Mattresses,

AT 11 O'CLOCK.

5 New First-Class Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, without reserve,

On Saturday, July 8, at 9½ o'clock.

G. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

22, 24 and 26 Randolph-st.,

Will sell at Auction on Tuesday, July 11, at 9½ a.m.,

DRY GOODS,

Furnishing Goods, Notions, etc.

150 CASES

WELL ASSORTED

BOOTS, SHOES,

AND

SLIPPERS,

AT AUCTION,

ON

Wednesday, July 12, at 9 1-2 a.m.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.

SPECIAL SALE,

ON

Thursday, July 13, at 9 1-2 a.m.,

Of a large and well-assorted stock of

Shelf Hardware,

AND TOOLS,

To which the attention of HARDWARE MERCHANTS and BUILDERS is called.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.

By Wm. A. BUTTERS & CO.

REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE,

Household Goods, Carpets, Mirrors, Marble Fountain, &c.,

AT AUCTION,

On SATURDAY, July 8, at 9½ o'clock, at our salesrooms.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

NO. 663 WABASH-AV.

GENTEEL FURNITURE, PIANO FORTE, &C.,

AT AUCTION,

On MONDAY, July 10, at 10 o'clock.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

163 RESIDENCE LOTS

IN

NORTH EVANSTON

AT AUCTION,

ON MONDAY, JULY 10, 1871, ON THE GROUND.

A SPECIAL TRAIN.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.

Trains and Fare.

Free Ride and Free Lunch.

INFORMATION.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND HATS,

AT AUCTION,

On TUESDAY, July 11, at 9½ o'clock, at our salesrooms.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

180 Crates White Granite Ware

AT AUCTION,

On WEDNESDAY, July 12, at 10 o'clock, at our salesrooms.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

By C. C. THAYER & CO.

REAL ESTATE

AT AUCTION.

Saturday, July 8, at 7 1-2 p.m.,

At Real Estate Salesroom,

137 Dearborn-st., Tribune Building.

TERMS AT SALE.

By REED, FLERSHEIM & CO.

Saturday, July 8, at 9½ o'clock.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mirrors, Stoves, Glassware, &c.,

REED, FLERSHEIM & CO., Auctioneers.

By FAY & CAMBRIDGE,

SATURDAY, July 8, at 10 a.m.

English Brussels Carpets, New Parlor Suits, Hair Mattresses, Spring Beds, Fine Walnut Bedsteads, 14-foot Carved Oak Extension Table, Home Comfort Cook Stove, 500 Wood Bowls, 300 Cedar Pails, 100 boxes Soap.

FAY & CAMBRIDGE, Auctioneers.

By D. LONG.

THE ENTIRE FURNITURE

OF 11 ROOMS.

AT AUCTION,

D. LONG, Auctioneer.

By J. H. ALLEN, Auctioneer.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED TO RENT.

TO LEASE.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FINANCIAL.

INSTRUCTION.

PARTNERS WANTED.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BOARD WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MACHINERY.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

The Will and the Way.

Among the oft-quoted maxims in our language there is none more replete with sterling truth than the one which often falls so lightly from men's lips: "Where there is a will, there is a way." No doubt there are limits to human capability in all human affairs; in every sphere of activity men may meet with obstacles which even the utmost energy cannot overcome. ...

SONGS OF THE ...

A New California ...

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

The Will and the Way.

Among the oft-quoted passages in our language there is none more [illegible] or more replete with startling truth, than that which often falls so lightly from men's lips: "Where there is a will, there is a way." No doubt there are limits to human capability in all human affairs; in every sphere of activity men may meet with obstacles which even the utmost energy cannot overcome. Almost every man is more or less the victim of circumstances, which sometimes operate so powerfully that it is impossible to crush his way through them. But the frequency with which such occasions occur is greatly over-estimated; and the fact that mountains so often dwindle into molehills when we once resolutely determine to cross them, shows that, after every allowance for extraordinary cases, the old saw is still true generally, and that he who intensely wills to do a thing will find a way. An intense desire itself transforms possibility into reality. Our wishes are but prophecies of the things we are capable of performing; while, on the other hand, the timid, feeble-willed man finds everything impossible because he believes it to be so. As Virgil says of his boatmen, men are able because they think they are able—*possunt quia posse videntur*; to resolve upon attainment is often attainment itself. We are all aware of the fact that the roads which we incline not to travel are all sadly beset by specimens of the feline tribe; and, when a gentleman is asked for money by a neighbor often in need of it, he is extremely apt to have a large and exhausting payment to make at the end of the week. But, when one is really determined to push his way along the road, opposing lions have usually little terror for him, and, if he is anxious to oblige his friend, he will almost certainly be able to do so without breaking any of his own engagements.

It is, indeed, wonderful, at times, to see what marches are accomplished by men acting under the impulse of a powerful will. A remarkable example of this is furnished by the captured Texans of the Santa Fe Expedition, who, after having marched until they were nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion, yet, being told that any who should prove unable to walk would be shot, contrived to pluck up, and set off at a round pace, which they kept up all day. So Quintin Matsys, the famous Dutch painter, in his youth, despaired of being ever able to paint, till his master told him that only by producing a picture of merit within six months could he have his daughter's hand; and then he set vigorously to work and brought forth *The Misers*, a masterpiece of art, which connoisseurs have admired for ages. It is related of a young French officer that he used to walk about his apartment exclaiming, "I will be Marshal of France and a great General;" and his burning desire proved a presentiment of his success. Smiles, in his "Self-Help," tells of an English carpenter who was observed one day planing a Magistrate's bench, which he was repairing, with more than usual carefulness; and, when asked the reason, replied, "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." Singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a Magistrate.

Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have been remarkable above all things else for their energy of will. Of Julius Cæsar it was said by a contemporary, "*Quicquid vult, valde vult*;" it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. A glance at Hannibal's life will show that a resolute will was the leading quality of that commander—though less conspicuous, perhaps, in him than in others, because of the exact proportion in which all the military qualities were united in him, rendering him, by the common consent of soldiers as well as historians, the greatest captain the world has seen. His resolution to brave the whole power of Rome, by provoking a war; the invasion of Italy by a route which was a march of discovery as much as a military operation; his passage of the Rhone and the Alps; his long continuance in Italy, though unsupported by Carthage, and, when at last defeated and driven from the country, the zeal with which he sought throughout the world to raise up enemies against Rome, at an age when time and toil would have chilled most men's ardor, are examples of the rarest determination. His stubbornness of will is only rivalled by that of his enemies, the Romans, of whom he learned by a captive—after he had defeated every army they had sent against him, had arrived within three miles of the city, and was momentarily expecting an offer of surrender—that the very ground on which his army was encamped had just been sold in the Forum at as high a price as in times of peace. So with the great captains of modern times; the strength of Suwarrow's character lay in his power of willing, and he "preached it up as a system." "You can only half will," he would say to persons who failed. It was one of Napoleon's principal characteristics to regard nothing as impossible. His marvellous successes were due not more to his vast military genius than to his almost superhuman strength of will. He toiled terribly, half killing his secretaries, and threw his whole force of brain and hand upon his work. In his vocabulary there was no such word as fail. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionaries of fools." When told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies, "There shall be no Alps," he replied, and the road across the Simplon was the result. His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar inflexibility of purpose. The entire Peninsular campaign was but one long-continued display of an iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. In the life-and-death struggle between France, of which that campaign was a part, and which lasted nearly a quarter of a century, it was the stubborn will of the former which triumphed in the end; for, though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, yet new ones were constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their Emperor, were completely worn out. And, finally, the battle of Waterloo, which was the climax of this stupendous struggle, was another illustration of the enormous energy, the exhaustless patience, the bull-dog will of the English. In that fearful struggle, French impetuosity and prowess proved an unequal match for English pluck and resolution. For eight long hours the British army stood up against the murderous fire of the enemy; column after column fell, and the entire side of one square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell, "File up! file up!" and the troops silently obeyed. At length the crisis came; the order to charge was given; and the men who had stood like statues before the "iron hail" the French artillery, swept like a whirlwind upon the foe.

Among the many causes of failure in life none is more frequent than that feebleness of the will which is indicated by spasmodic action—by fitful effort, or lack of persistence. "The longer I live," says Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." The very reputation of being strong-willed, plucky, and indefatigable, is of priceless value. It often cows enemies and dispels at the start opposition to one's undertakings which would otherwise be formidable. Men feel that it is useless to struggle against a man who will never yield. If such a man does encounter opposition it becomes a help, rather than a hindrance, to his general success. The difficulties he conquers are his stimulus and aliment; they are the gymnasium and palestra, by which the muscles are strengthened. It is the belief of the savage that the spirit of every enemy he slays passes into him, and is added to his own, accumulating a warrior's strength for the day of battle; and it is so with life's trials. It has been said that you may put a Yankee on a desolate island in the Pacific, and only leave with him a jack-knife, and he will get home as soon as, if not sooner than, the ship that left him there. "Put him in anywhere, and he will get out if he wants to; put him out anywhere, and he will get in, if he wishes to." This is the spirit that guarantees success in every calling and profession. It is true that many persons have to begin the voyage of life against both wind and tide; and it seems at times as if they were doomed to "wage with fortune an eternal war." But who ever heard of a man's failing to succeed at last in any business which he had stuck to faithfully for ten years together? Look at Bulwer. His whole life has been a series of temporary failures, crowned with ultimate triumphs. His first novel was a failure; his first drama was a failure; his first poems were failures; and so were his first speeches. But he *fought* his way to eminence—fought it through derision and ridicule, till now he has his own enchanted circle, where "none durst walk but he," and stands on one of the summits of the three-peaked hill, the compeer of Dickens and Thackeray. Look at Disraeli. Coughed and hissed down on his first essay in Parliament, he told the House that the time would come when they would hear him, and he persevered until they under whose laughter he cowered were made to writhe in their turn under his terrible sarcasm. Look at Brougham [illegible] during sixty years over the fields, not only of law and politics, but of science and literature, he triumphed in all; and such was his love of excellence, so indefatigable his perseverance, that it has been said that, if he had begun life as a shoe-black, he would never have rested content till he had become the first shoe-black in England.

A striking illustration of the same point I [illegible] the case of Robert Hall, who broke down in his first extempore address, and [illegible] his face with his hands, crying, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and who experienced a second and yet more mortifying failure, yet lived to be one of the greatest pulpit orators of England; and still further the experience of Curran, who tells us that, when he first rose in a debating club, in Dublin, the features of the audience swam before his eyes, and the candles seem to glare most unmercifully upon him, almost depriving him of utterance, but who ere long charmed the fastidious ear of the House of Commons, and made a corrupt bench tremble. Again, I might point to Talma, the greatest of French actors—Sheridan, the orator—Cobden, the champion of the Corn Law reform—and Alston, the painter—all of whom failed in their first efforts. Not long after the latter had taken rank with the great master of his art, a picture by a young man was brought to him for his opinion. "To deal plainly with you," said Alston, after examining it carefully, "it is a wretched affair. There is no ground for hope—not even for *hope*. Let him give up the idea. He never can make a painter." "It was painted by yourself." "No—impossible!" "It was. Look—there is your name; and here, see, here is the date—only seven years ago, you perceive." Keats' first poem was a failure; but, though damned by the critics, he was not disheartened, for he felt that the genius of poetry must work out its own salvation, and that by leaping headlong into the sea, as he did in Endymion, he had become better acquainted with the soundings, the rocks, and the quicksands than if he had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. "I was never afraid of failure," said he, "for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

It is this pluck—this bull-dog tenacity of purpose and stubbornness of perseverance—which win the battles of life, whether fought in the field, in the mart, or in the forum. It is the half-a-neck nearer that shows the blood, and wins the race; the one march more that wins the campaign; the five minutes more unyielding courage that wins the fight. It is not help, but obstacles—not facility, but difficulty—that makes men. Indeed, the *freightage* of a great mind can be estimated only by the amount of displacement it creates. Washington lost more battles than he won; but he organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end. Beethoven said of Rossini that he had the stuff in him to have made a good musician if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he was spoiled by the ease with which he composed. Thousands of men are bemoaning their poverty or obscurity, who might have won riches or honor, had they only been compelled by early hardships to cry, with Burns—

> "Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
> Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man!"

and to task to the utmost all their faculties.

W. MATHEWS.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.

A New California Poet.

The London house of Longmans has just published, under the title of "Songs of the Sierras," a volume of poems by Joaquin Miller, a new bard who bursts out in sudden splendor. Mr. Miller says in his preface that until the last few months, within which he has travelled to London for the sake of publishing, California and Mexico were all his world. "The City of Mexico was my Mecca, and San Francisco for me, a marvel of magnificence and civilization. This last summer I crossed the Rocky mountains, and for the first time saw New York; a great place for cheap books, and a big din of small thieves." He has led a wild life, has served under Walker with the filibusters, and has studied nature under circumstances which had nothing to do with civilization. The coloring of his poems is entirely local, like Bret Harte's, but, unlike Bret Harte, he rejects the dialect from the verse and utters what is in his mind with a singularly original force, if not always in the smoothest rhythm.

The following are contrasted passages—one describing a storm in a Mexican canon or ravine; the other the expectant emotions of the homeward-bound emigrant:

> I lay in my hammock; the air was heavy,
> And hot and threatening; the very heaven
> Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
> Hid under my thatch; and the birds were driven
> In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirl,
> As I peered down by the path for her;
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
> Then ere I fairly had time to give her
> A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
> And the rolling of clouds and a deafening din,
> And a darkness that had been black to the blind,
> Came down as I shouted, "Come in! come in!
> Come under the roof, come up from the river,
> As up from a grave—come now, or come never!"
> The tasselled tops of the pines were as weeds,
> The red-woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
> And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd forever.
>
> One time in the night as the black wind shifted,
> And a flash of lightning stretch'd over the stream,
> I seemed to see her with her brown hands lifted—
> Only seem'd to see, as one sees in a dream—
> With her eyes wide wild and her pale lips pressed,
> And the blood from her brow and the flood to her breast;
> When the flood caught her hair as the flax in a wheel,
> And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel,
> Laugh'd loud her despair, then leapt long like a steed,
> Holding fast to her hair, folding fast to her heel,
> Laughing fierce, leaping far, as if spurr'd to its speed—

The morning which succeeds this storm is described in a line of felicity:

> Long leaves of sunshine lay over the floor.

Here is the second passage:

> I gathered the gold I had laid in the earth,
> Hid over the door, and hid under the hearth;
> Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,
> For love of a lassie, like a sea-rovered lover,
> And I said to myself, as I set my face
> To the East, so far from the desolate place,
> She has waited her tresses, and through her tears
> Look'd away to the West, for years, the years
> That I have wrought where the sun tans brown;
> She has watched by night, she has watched by day,
> She has wept and wondered at my delay,
> Alone and in tears, with her head held down,
> Where the ships sail out, and the seas swirl in,
> Forgetting to eat, and unable to sleep;
> She shall fold her head, and shall see her lover,
> She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,
> She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
> And down on her breast her head shall go ...
> And her eyes shall shine like the stars above,
> While the clouds are below of the clouds above here.

"Walker in Nicaragua" is the most sustained piece in the volume, and has these tropical passages:

> The trees shook hands high overhead,
> And bowed and intertwined across
> The narrow way, while leaves and moss
> And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
> Through the cool canopy of green
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> Or droop'd in curved lines dreamily,
> Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
> Or sang low-hanging overhead—
> Sang low, as if they sang and slept,
> Sang faint, like some far waterfall—
> And took no note of us at all,
> Though nuts that struck us every step,
> Wild lilies, tall as maidens are,
> As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
> As fair as faith, as pure as truth,
> Fell thick before our every tread
> As in a sacrifice to ruth,
> And all the air with perfume fill'd
> More sweet than ever man distill'd.
> The ripen'd fruit a fragrance shed,
> And hung in hand-reach overhead,
> In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
> The bending shoot that bore the fruit.
> How ran the monkeys thro' the leaves!
> How rush'd they through, brown clad and blue,
> Like shuttles hurried through and through
> The threads a hasty weaver weaves.

Two strong stanzas in the descant of an Indian Chief, are as follows:

> Through the land where we for aye
> Laid the bravest, dearest dead,
> [illegible]
> Grinding sires' bones for bread;
> We shall give them blood for furrow,
> I saw the white skulls [illegible]
> And around the cabin children;
> Clung the death of [illegible] hair
> Trail'd along the furrow there.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of the poet: "In Mr. Joaquin Miller we have to do with a true although with an untrained poet, in whom neither sense, imagination, nor language are deficient, and whose works, over and above the spirited novelty of its subject-matter, shares that large spirit of wide and mountain hope that range of vastness and sense of the almost and immeasurable, which was the strength of Byron, and which has been wanting from much of our best contemporary verse. If the impressions of civilization and of literature penetrate the mind of Mr. Miller as strongly and to as good purpose as the impressions of wild life and of nature have penetrated it, and if at the same time he maintains his originality under them, we do not see what should prevent him from aspiring to the higher honors of his art."

French Peasants During the War.

If I am asked what was the attitude of the peasants during the war and between the two armies, I reply that their behavior was the most lamentable of all the lamentable spectacles in that unhappy struggle. It is among the peasants that the results of ignorance and selfishness have exhibited themselves in the most striking manner. In the Ardennes the people were not heroic, but at any rate they assisted the French army, helped the wounded, and were not utterly vile before the enemy; but in Normandy and the Beauce, where I was afterward stationed, the state of demoralization was frightful. The peasants were too selfish to make the least sacrifice for their own soldiers; and then, both from fear and from interest became subservient to the Germans, furnishing them with provisions and other assistance. The people of Bonnières, between Mantes and Evreux, were weak enough to send their letters to the Prussians at Mantes that they might be read before being forwarded to Evreux. With rare exceptions, they did nothing for the wounded; but if we happened to be successful in an action, I cannot describe the low ferocity with which they turned upon the Germans, before whom they had so recently been cringing. At Oucques the ambulance had some difficulty in preventing two wounded Bavarians from being massacred by the people. At St. Leonard a peasant actually amused himself with pulling the broken leg of a German, for the mere sake of causing him torture. At Oucques the people thronged round a solitary wounded officer, and assailed him with threats and insults of all kinds. And their stupidity was equal to their wickedness. They were constantly mistaking us for Germans on account of our flag, and of the ambulance cross on our sleeves. They were certain that we were in communication with the Prussians, because we were not afraid of them; and accused us of firing rockets to point out the position of the army to the enemy. At Sommanthe they were convinced that the Prussians had come because our ambulance was established there; and at Oucques it was believed that we had plundered the wounded, and that our only object in nursing the patients was to make money. I do not deny that devoted hearts and souls above the common were occasionally to be met with. I have heard from peasants of both sexes golden words which will remain in my recollection as long as I live; but the great majority, even those intelligent, are shamefully selfish, and mistrustfully prudent, selfish and wanting in [illegible], with fury in the village, and even in the [illegible] too bad to be mentioned.—*Gabriel Monod, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

ROMA.

Spring in Rome—Celebration of the Birthday of the King and Crown Prince—Holy Week—A Solemn Easter—Spread of Protestantism in Rome—Ruffianism—The Artists' Festival—Anniversary of Rome—A Royal Fete—A Sad Tragedy—Ristori.

Letter from Mary Howitt.

ROME, May, 1871.

We concluded our last letter with the brilliant *moccoletti*, the beautiful *finale* of the gay Carnival of 1871—the gayest and most successful carnival which had been known for many years. A quiet time was supposed now to commence, as was customary under the old Papal rule. But this year everything is turned topsy-turvy, so now, although, as soon as the Carnival was over Americans and English flocked off to gay Naples, yet Lent seemed to have totally lost its character even with the Romans; the old reverence for Ash Wednesday was gone, and, instead of casting ashes on their heads, they seemed to think of nothing but how best to enjoy themselves. A so-called Industrial Fair was opened—the first exhibition of the kind ever known in Rome—professedly for the display of native produce, which, however, consisted chiefly of wines, in the true spirit of which balls and scenic entertainments were given every night, the band playing the favorite royal march, with other lively and popular strains. Balls, also, and gay evening parties were given by such of the Roman nobility as had gone over to the Liberal, or Italian, side.

On March 14 occurred the double birthday of the King and the Crown Prince, which, spite of Lent, Rome celebrated with exuberant honor. The streets were gay from the earliest morning with the national flag, which floated from every window and portico. Flags, these, of which many were made last autumn in secret, with safely barred doors and windows, so that neither priest nor Papal neighbors might know, and then unanimously displayed on the joyful 20th of September, when the Italians entered. And here, *apropos* of the King's birthday, we may mention a little circumstance which occurred in the winter. An American lady of our acquaintance lodged in the house of a respectable Italian family of somewhat humble means. On the day of the King's triumphal entry into Rome, in the Christmas week, during the flood, the young wife, full of the enthusiasm of loyalty, walked from one point to another of the city to obtain a view of the sovereign who had so won the hearts of his people by that visit, and thus overfatiguing herself, gave birth prematurely that night to a son, to whom the parents decided, in honor of that great, historical day, to give the name of Benvenuto Vittorio Emmanuele; but to this the officiating priest objected, on the plea that there was no saint bearing the first name in the calendar. Unfortunately they did not remember that Benvenuto Cellini must have been christened by a priest somewhat less scrupulous. But to return to the double birthday.

In the afternoon, the Prince, in full uniform and on horseback, attended by his Staff and the Princess Margaret, in an open state-carriage, made still more regal in appearance by a costly coverlet of crimson, attended by the Princess Teano, an English lady, and others of her suite, in a second carriage, made a triumphal progress through the city, and finally took their station in the spacious and picturesque Piazza di Spagna, where, in the presence of a vast multitude, the Prince reviewed the troops consisting of 5,000 regulars and 5,000 National Guard, all citizens of Rome, from Princes down to small shopkeepers. These, in their elegant uniforms of light blue-gray, with scarlet facing, were received with great cordiality by the populace; whilst the Bersaglieri, the crack regiment—the favorite of the people—who have been in every struggle for Italian liberty, and who, as infantry, do the work of cavalry, were welcomed with long and enthusiastic applause as they appeared running rapidly onward—their usual quick march—in their black uniform, white gaiters, and black glazed hats, with their waving bunch of cock's feathers drooping to their shoulders. The work of the Bersaglieri is so hard that six years of service is said completely to exhaust them.

In the evening, paper lanterns were placed in most windows, some being very pretty, of a Chinese formation. Wherever a row of unlighted windows occurred you knew either that *Papalism* dwelt there or some indifferent stranger, who cared not to illuminate. The expense of the ordinary paper lanterns is so extremely small as to be within the reach of the poorest. A socket or circular base of Tiber clay, inclosed in a circular screen of white paper, on which is rudely painted the Italian arms, or some other loyal device, is sold in the streets for a soldo or two each, and with a common candle lighted inside make a very pretty illumination.

While, however, the people and the liberal nobility do honor to the new rulers, many old families and many noble ladies cling with loyal affection to the Holy Father, who, though dead, as it were, to the people at large, continues to give them affectionate audiences in which he encourages their faith and avows himself to be full of hope in the miraculous interference of the Madonna in his behalf; and also shows himself to be in vigorous health, contrary to the assertion of the democratic newspapers which have so confidently announced, day by day, his serious and increasing illness, that one gentleman of considerable influence in the city solemnly announced to his friends the death of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Holy Week approached, but this year with scarcely any of that magnificent ceremonial which had for so many ages edified the pious Roman Catholics and interested the thousands of strangers who usually flocked hither to witness those solemn and dramatic functions. Nevertheless the rents of most apartments were raised, and preparations were made for the strangers who did not come. The Pope adhered to his rule of voluntary imprisonment, and never appeared outside the walls of the Vatican, whilst the services in the Sistine and Paolina chapels which it contains were of a simple character and of the utmost privacy. It was such a Holy Week as has never been known before in Rome; there was no public ceremony in the Sistine, no procession round the Sala Regia. In St. Peter's the blessing of the palms took place on Palm Sunday, but only by inferior priests; the procession passed out of the Cathedral into the vestibule, where the great doors still closed, were struck by the sub-deacon with the end of the cross, which, as we learn from the late Cardinal Wiseman, represents the closing of the gates of Heaven until, through the redemption on the cross, the Celestial bolts were withdrawn. This procession was permitted, stripped greatly of its outward pomp, and many pious Catholics feel that at this time the gates of Heaven are closed to the House of Savoy and its adherents. The offices of the *Tenebra*, or Darkness, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were also sung in Gregorian chants, and the candles were extinguished one by one on their triangular stand, but all was made as meagre as possible, and the relics, such as a nail of the crucifixion, a piece of the true *cross*, and St. Veronica's handkerchief, were exhibited from one of the interior galleries of St. Peter's; many of the spectators falling upon their knees at the sight. But it was evident that the new spirit of inquiry and disbelief had already begun to operate amongst the Italians, for many also continued standing and looked on sceptically. There was no blessing given by the Pope from the grand gallery of St. Peter's to the kneeling thousands, hitherto assembled in the noble square below on the eve of Good Friday, and again with greater ceremony and grandeur on Easter Day. On Saturday, orders were given of every degree, from the tonsure to the full priesthood in St. John Lateran, to those boys and young men who still lovingly and faithfully cling to the sinking vessel of Papacy, but no Jew or infidel appeared afterward for baptism or confirmation, as has hitherto been generally the case, when the ceremony was performed in the front of the ancient baptistry erected by Constantine, some people asserting that it has been the same old Jew, Easter after Easter. It was not worth while, however, this year even to make a pretence.

Thus Easter, the season of rejoicing, had come, but the Church sat sullen and silent; as though it had been the deepest humiliation of Lent. To her it is a time of mourning; nor will the silver trumpets be again sounded in St. Peter's until some ardent crusade advances and frees the Eternal City from these audacious interlopers; as she regards them, and restores the temporal power to the Holy Father. But whilst the potentates of the Church sit alone, as in sackcloth and ashes, Protestantism, like a cold, but, nevertheless, healthgiving, Tramontana is sending currents of vitalization through the awakening city. From the Alps, from the valleys of the Vaudois, missionaries have come and opened their church, in an upper chamber, which, on week-days, is employed for a school, opened by an admirable American lady, Mrs. Gould, for poor Italian children; a school which well deserves the support of her countrymen and women—of all such, in short, as love little children, and desire that they should be brought into light out of the darkness and error of long past generations. Announcements are now also boldly placarded on the walls, of Evangelical conferences taking place, to which all are freely admitted. Gavazzi has preached in the Scotch church, the minister of which, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, cooperates warmly with all these Evangelical Italian clergy. And at these, a Roman Methodist, Sig. Francesco Sciarelli, holds meetings every Sunday and Thursday evenings, in a house in the Via Barbieri, where, on the Sunday evening of May 7th, an event occurred which was intended—the most deplorable, and, probably, unforeseen consequences. The room was full of people, many of whom were ladies and women with their babies. The evening service was nearly concluded, and the sacrament about to be administered to about fifteen persons, members of the Methodist Church in Naples and Rome, when suddenly a violent explosion took place between the outer and inner door, which was partially of glass, and, in consequence, shivered to atoms. Every light was at once extinguished, and a [illegible] of the greatest possible confusion [illegible] ensued. The crowd pressed forward to make their escape, and all would have been [illegible] being [illegible], and the [illegible] being discovered every heart [illegible] filled with consternation and sense of God's goodness, who had saved them from so great a danger. A bombshell, filled with small pieces of iron, which had been hidden between the two doors, exploded, but, from some imperfection in its formation, only partially. Thus, by the providence of God, no mischief was done, whatever might have been intended. Of course it is supposed to have been the work of priestly malice; nevertheless the incident being, the congregation receiving the protection of the Questor, continued to assemble. Such meetings are, without doubt, a source not only of irritation, but of fear to the Papal party; for the sermons preached, and the subjects discussed, all bear upon the Roman Pontificate, judged by history and the Word of God. In liberal Roman Catholic quarters good hopes are entertained that, through the influence of Pere Hyacinth's preaching, for he, too, is now in Rome, the Church may be released from some of its old follies of ignorance and superstition.

More hopeful even than all this is the fact that Bibles and Testaments are sold openly in the streets, and read with avidity, which, as it no portion of the religious field must be left untilled, now that the barriers that formerly hedged it round are removed, an energetic English lady has, with considerable tact, gained a sure footing amongst the Jews in the dirty Ghetto. Here they willingly and even readily treat with her for Testaments and Gospel tracts which she prudently only parts with for money, an old Jew offering her even a lira for a tract worth two soldi, when he perceived the smallness of the supply, and that there were no other means by which he could obtain it. The Jew of the Ghetto, like David of old, knows the superior value of that which costs something. It must also be here mentioned that a Public Circulating Library has been established, which, a great innovation, is succeeding admirably.

Again, the newspapers, now sold publicly in the streets for a soldo each, advance the cause of education immensely. Workmen eagerly purchase them, and, though some of them are unable to read fluently, or not at all, they spell them out as best they can, or teach themselves to read for that purpose. A little fear may, however, be justly entertained as regards their popular newspapers. Many have a tendency toward rationalism and Red Republicanism, in spite of the unfettered Christian sentiments and good sense often so admirably apparent in them. The Romans are still but children, and need wise guidance; otherwise, they may act as boys so often do in their school revolts; have "a barring out" on too large a scale for their own well-being. A spirit of license is so much to be feared in Italy as in France. The people must learn moderation, and all who labor for them, to guide public opinion; they should open their eyes and see that, whilst many abuses exist in the monastic orders, they contain instances of pure and religious lives, and that numbers of holy and benevolent men and women in many a religious house in Rome suffer already—the innocent for the guilty—as for instance the young prefect of the orphan school, or *Esposti*, only a week or two ago. This school of young lads who, in their long white flannel habits and broad, white felt hats, are such a pleasant picturesque sight, when out taking their daily walk in or about Rome, were one day, walking harmlessly near the Colosseum, under the care of their youthful prefect, insulted and fallen upon by a number of rude youths. A French priest, passing at the time, took their part by giving one of their assailants a box on the ear, and without further notice walked on; this, however, so irritated the lad that he instantly drew his knife and stabbed the young prefect. The poor youth, fainting and bleeding, was carried back to the orphanage, surrounded by his weeping and dismayed young companions. The newspapers mentioned the affair slightly, and the wound as anything but serious. A priest, however, one of the most enlightened clergy of Rome, in relating the affair to us, assured us that the young man had died the following day. He also told us that one of his own order (a Dominican), devoted to art, was, when walking quietly along, stopped only a few days before, by a man, in a well-frequented part of Rome, and accused of being armed. The priest denied it, but the man fiercely insisted on searching his person for hidden weapons. The meek Dominican showed his rosary; he was armed with no other weapon than that of prayer. Many people, however, were witnesses to the outrage, but none interfered on his behalf—not even a soldier who stood by and looked on. At length a gentleman, probably a stranger, freed him from the hands of the ruffian.

At the artists' festival, also, which this year was, for the first time, managed by Italians instead of Germans, some unpleasantness occurred; pickpockets found their way there; and one of two brothers, Italian artists, speaking the language, when on their way to the Torre di Schiavi, the place of rendezvous, the other brother was unfortunately stabbed when on their return in the evening, supposed to be by the peasant, who thus sought to revenge the affront of the morning, but mistook the offender. In spite, however, of these dark shadows there was on this occasion a great deal of sunshine, as well as dust, for this is the day of all the year that the artists look forward to for merry-making and frolic; it is a second carnival, even more jocund than the first, for which no buffoonery and no fun can be too extravagant. They stormed, in grotesque martial attire and in burlesque martial style, the old tower of Schiavi, which contained their breakfast, and then proceeded, mounted on asses, for more merriment to the caves of Azvara, still further out on the Campagna.

This was on the 23d of April. On the following day, the birthday of old Roma, about the two thousand four hundredth anniversary of her existence, was celebrated, by a universal display of flags, and, in the evening, besides a general illumination, the famous fireworks of the Girandola, which were exhibited on the slopes and upper terraces of the Pincio, facing the Piazza del Popolo. Preparations had been making for the fireworks for many weeks, and would have been given, as usual, at Easter, had the Pope been willing to illuminate St. Peter's, but, as he would not celebrate the Resurrection, the municipality resolved to defer their part of the show till the 21st of April, when it would be a fitting celebration, not only of the birthday of the old mistress of the world, but a symbol of the new life and prosperity which was dawning upon her at this early birth. Therefore, all that pyrotechnic art could do for the occasion was done. Nothing could be more beautiful and beautiful indeed as a revelation of Fairyland, or some vision of the Thousand and One nights, were the silver, golden and diamond palaces which rose as a thought, then transformed themselves into new shapes of beauty, then vanished, while the star of Italy blazed forth with new lustre, like a glory that could not fade. The air was filled with harmless showers of fire, with cascades of gold and silver, breaking off into diamond sparks of every color of emerald, and amethyst, and ruby, with fiery dragons and hissing serpents, with fiery fire as of stars and spangles, until the gigantic lights flashed around the Piazza and lit up every hieroglyphic on the old Egyptian obelisk in its centre, and the dense, living mass of Romans packed closely through its great space, the occupants of the tiers of seats behind, and the crimson-draperied royal box which contained the Prince and Princess, who are never-failing participators of the popular festivities.

It was now past the middle of April, beautiful April, only less fair than her sister May. They who complain of the bad climate, the cold and damp of Rome in winter, should stay till April. Roses were now scenting the air, amber roses, pale pink, stone-white yellow tea roses, deep crimson Damask roses, *gloire di Dijon*, and every kind of rose that had ever a name given to it, or was ever grown in gardens, were now piled up in heaps, for sale, in the Piazza di Spagna and at every corner where flowers are sold, while tall Banksia roses, white and yellow and red, full of flowers and buds and leaves, flung their lovely sprays round the tall, bare trunks of stern pines on the Pincio, or over the walls of the gardens of palaces and villas all around Rome. Flowers were everywhere. Lilies of the valley and pansies had already come and gone; now azalias, and orange-flowers, and purple and white irises, and every sweet and lovely flower of the early summer in other and less favored lands, were out, and filling the air with their perfume. Beside all this, peas and beans and new potatoes appeared on your table; May brought in cherries, becoming day by day larger and cheaper, together with wild strawberries, the largest and richest that nature can produce, and in such abundance that the very poor might buy them.

Rome was beautiful, with its deep blue skies, its balmy air, and its affluence of flowers, but it was said that Albano, and Frascati, and Tivoli were still more beautiful, and everybody began to talk of and to plan *villeggiatura*. They who had country villas went out for a day or two; gentlemen who had vineyards, thought it convenient to look after their vines, and, to make such a trip still more agreeable, wanted a party of friends to accompany them. Thus we, too, came in for a share of such pleasure, being asked by Mr. Arthur Strutt, an English landscape painter, of high standing, who has lived many years in Rome, to spend a day with him and his family, and to dine on beans in his vineyard, near Velletri. We required no persuasion, and found no difficulty in rising at half-past 5 for breakfast, which, after all, was not so very early in Rome. The herds of goats, which, after kidding time, are brought in for their milk, were already standing patiently at the corners of the streets, under the care of goat-herds, who, in their shaggy, skin breeches, looked like so many satyrs, as no doubt they were the origin of these fabulous personages.

We found at the station the remainder of our party, and that a very pleasant one, among others, Mr. Charles Hemans, the son of the poetess, who has already resided many years in Rome, and who, having deeply studied its antiquities, is considered high authority on all antiquarian subjects, which he treats not only with the hard grasp of science, but under the delicate touch of poetic sentiment, together with two sons of Mr. Macdonald, a veteran among the English sculptors in Rome, the elder already treading successfully in his father's footsteps, and sharing his studios as he will eventually his fame. Various pleasant and highly cultivated Italians were also of the party, Mr. Strutt having married an Italian lady. And, by the by, of this gentleman himself I must add, that he is the grandnephew of the author of "Quimbal Hall," and of the "Sports and Pastimes of England," a work which is the standard authority on these subjects. His mother, also, a lady of great erudition, was the author of a work on "The Soul of Woman."

The railway took us across the Campagna, now gay with scarlet poppies, white dog-daisies and golden marigolds, past the long lines of old aqueducts, past Roma Vecchia, with its colossal remains of an imperial villa, then through the lovely lower slopes of the fertile Alban Hills, until reaching the station of the ancient Civita Lavinia, which stood aloft with its old walls and towers on the [illegible] hill above, we left the train and proceeded on foot for about two miles. The Vigna lying still so far off, nearer to Velletri. The walk thither, in the early morning, was delightful beyond measure, a profusion of flowers on all hands, and the sunny air full of the caroling of larks. As we ascended to the dwelling-house, a sort of half castellated farm-house, situate finely on the top of a steep vineyard, we found [illegible] walking between full hedges of [illegible] in full bloom.

Servants with an ample supply of provisions, had been taken out by our hospitable entertainer, and thus, though it lacked to [illegible] "Feast of beans," it was a feast of good things, and [illegible] the vines, the [illegible] spread out [illegible] of the [illegible] every [illegible] the table covered in oil and [illegible] a luxury in some old Lucullian [illegible] were the boiled turkey, [illegible] the [illegible] step lettuce less worthy to have figured on the table of the old imperial gastronome. It was a feast worthy of an ode of Horace, while the wine, both red and white grown in that vineyard and made in the wine-press of the old house, has proved its own superior excellence by having since then gained for the grower the two gold medals as being the finest wines produced in the Roman district. Songs were sung, merry tales were told, groups of twos and threes strolled through the extensive vineyard and admired the views here of the lofty mountains beyond the Villa-Iri, with all their old historic memories, and then the olive-gray olive gardens and the wide-spreading Campagna fading away in the distance like a sea. There are not, perhaps, many artists in Rome who are fortunate enough to possess vineyards like Mr. Strutt, but to all of them Rome affords an unusually happy combination of circumstances. The country enters, as it were, into the the town, whilst the climate, the people, the ancient associations and memories, both historic and religious, form a whole which produces an indescribable and undying influence on every artistic nature which comes within its range.

This has, however, been an extremely bad season for artists, producing but few commissions, and thus obliging many of them to live on the surplus of former and more fortunate years. But these artists, even the most suffering of them, are happy in comparison with the well-known English painter and royal academician, Mr. Goodall, to whom, when at Capri, on Easter day, one of the cruellest misfortunes befell, which it is possible to conceive. He was accompanied by his two sons, the eldest a young artist, of the highest promise, and shortly about to be married, but who was accidentally shot by his younger brother, whom he had persuaded to take out pistols for the morning's amusement. "My dear brother, what have you done!" exclaimed the young man, through whose lungs the shot had passed, and who was conveyed back to Capri, clasping his brother's hand. The poor young fellow, almost frantic at the accident, was arrested at the entrance of the town and taken to prison; nor did he again see his brother, who died on the Tuesday morning protesting his innocence. The unhappy father and son came to Rome on their way to England, and here the unfortunate youth, unable to proceed further, returned to Capri. But the particulars of this sad tragedy have no doubt found their way into the American papers.

During May, Ristori, who has been spending the winter in Rome and has been well received by the Prince and Princess at the Quirinal, where they reside, and by the whole of the upper liberal circles, has, with her natural generosity, appeared twice in public. In the first instance, she assisted at an evening for music and recitation, given for the benefit of Sig. Clotilde Vitaliano, and again at the Apollo Theatre for the benefit of her niece, the young Signora Antonietta Tessaro in Racine's *Fedra*, when, as is ever the case with this great actress, every gesture, every spoken sentence, was perfected art. She represented this character, as a study for her niece, who is following in her footsteps and whose voice so exactly resembles that of her aunt that the two may be mistaken for each other. It must be borne in mind that Ristori, now the Marchioness Capranica, was originally a poor Italian girl, and that she owes her worldly fame and prosperity to her extraordinary natural gifts. She appeared first in public at the humble Roman open-air theatre, in the Mausoleum of Augustus, and, now, this spring, she was seen, in all the pride of her worldly rank and grandeur, one afternoon, by an American lady and gentleman, who, with herself, formed the only audience, watching with keen observation, and, evidently, with deep enjoyment, every incident of her performance.

Miss Margaret Foley, whose admirable medallion portraits have acquired for her such deserved celebrity, has just completed a striking likeness in this form of Ristori, which is a valuable and beautiful addition to the gallery of distinguished characters which she has commenced.

MARY HOWITT.

THE MANGO TREE.

BY C. KINGSLEY.

> He wiled me through the furzy croft,
> He wiled me down the sandy lane,
> He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
> Until I told him mine again.
>
> We married and we sailed the main—
> A soldier and a soldier's wife.
> We marched through many a burning plain;
> We sighed for many a gallant life.
>
> But his—God kept it safe from harm.
> He toiled, and dared, and earned command,
> And those three stripes upon his arm
> Were more to me than gold or land.
>
> Sure he would win some great renown;
> Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
> One night the fever struck him down.
> I sat, and stared, and saw him die.
>
> I had his children, one, two, three.
> One week I had them, blithe and sound,
> The next—beneath this mango tree,
> By him in barrack burying-ground.
>
> I sit beneath the mango shade;
> I live my five years' life all o'er—
> Round yonder stem his children played;
> He mounted guard at yonder door.
>
> 'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead.
> They live; they know, they feel, they see;
> Their spirits light the golden shade
> Beneath the giant mango tree.
>
> All things, save I, are full of life—
> The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
> The monkeys, in their foolish strife;
> The swooping hawks, the swinging nests;
>
> The lizards basking on the soil;
> The butterflies who sun their wings;
> The bees about their fragrant toil—
> They live, they love, the blissful things!
>
> Each tender purple mango shoot,
> That folds and droops so bashful down—
> It lives; it sucks some hidden root;
> It rears at last a broad green crown.
>
> It blossoms, and the children cry:
> "Watch when the mango apples fall!"
> It lives; but rootless, fruitless, I—
> I breathe and dream, and that is all.
>
> Thus am I dead, yet cannot die;
> But still within my foolish brain
> There hangs a pale blue evening sky,
> A furzy croft, a sandy lane.

Every Saturday.

What We Should Eat.

Those who expect to think, says the *Phrenological Journal*, should not eat much food which simply produces warmth and fat, such as ham, fat pork, white bread, butter, rice, tapioca, and starch. These contain very little phosphatic food, being carbonaceous.

The proper food for laboring men—we mean those who have to exercise muscular strength chiefly—should be that which contains the greatest amount of nitrogen. Among these barley and cheese stand high. The red flesh of the ox or sheep and unbolted bread are the leading articles. Men who train prize-fighters seem to understand much better than others how to build up physical strength and endurance. When their battle or their race is ended, they lay aside their unbolted bread and fruit, their lean beef and mutton, and fall into their old habits of liquor-drinking and of eating starch-bearing articles, such as rice, fine bread, pudding, with fat meat and butter, and they soon become as fat and lazy as these carbonaceous articles can make them.

If a man wants to stand the cold he may eat buckwheat cakes with butter, syrup, fat pork, and white beans; but let him look out when hot weather comes for bilious fevers, pimples on the face, and a rank smell of the whole system, and a muddy, dirty complexion. Men living at the north pole, or near it, can drink fish oil by the quart or eat pounds of cake tallow, and the cold climate will burn it out; but in warm or temperate regions the food should be so selected as to furnish nourishment for muscle, bone, brain, and warmth in proper proportions.

The student should eat articles which are pretty largely charged with phosphates of brain food; the laborer, those articles containing nitrate or food for muscle; and those who are much exposed to cold, but not required to exert muscular strength, that kind of food which is largely charged with carbonates or heat producers.

The Man Who Hadn't Any Objection.

The author of St. Twel'mo, noted for his love of a practical joke and a slight impediment in his speech, was "on duty" at the fair of the American Institute, and, finding a convenient point of rest behind a pyramid of paste and blacking, went quietly to work to write up his notes. He had just completed a glowing eulogium on the merits of a patent bean-sifter, when he was interrupted by a tall countryman, who asked:

"Have do ye sell yer blackin', mister?"

"I d-d-dont sell it," said the absorbed writer.

"Don't gin it away, do ye?" said the querist, handling a box covetously.

"I ha-ha-haven't g-g-given away any yet," replied the still busy knight of the pencil.

"Hain't got any objections to my takin' a box, have ye?" persisted the tormentor.

"N-n-n-not the l-l-least in the world," said the now thoroughly aroused joker, calmly closing his book, and beaming blandly upon the interrogator.

The countryman immediately seized upon a box of the polish; a sharp boy standing near followed his example; the news of free blacking spread among other sharp boys, and the pyramid of blacking was soon reduced to a plain, when the newspaper man was overtaken a little distance further in the hall by the blacking dealer, irate and red-faced, with two policemen, who had the original offender and a half dozen boys in custody.

"What the blazes do you mean," said the man of polish, "in anything but polished language, "by setting people to steal my blacking?"

"M-m-my dear sir," said the paragrapher urbanely, "the g-g-gentleman asked me if I ha-ha-had any objections to his t-t-t-taking a box of the blacking, and I hadn't any objections at all, and I d-d-don't know why I should have." And he walked quietly on in pursuit of his labors, leaving Messrs. Day & Martin to charge a gross of paste blacking to profit and loss.

A Story from One of "Jo's Boys."

On one occasion the children were all gathered in a room, when they made a decree that everyone that entered should tell a story. Mrs. Jo had just been trapped, and made to pay her forfeit, when little five-year-old Rob came in, having got out of bed to see what was the matter, and dragged his bed-cover with him. He was about to be turned ignominiously out, as one who could not pay the forfeit, when he protested vigorously against this sentence without a trial, and declared that he could tell "lots of ones" when he had "finked." Having deeply cogitated for a moment, "perched" on his mother's knee, and wrapped in the gray coverlet, he told the following brief but tragic tale, with an earnestness that made it funny:

"Once a lady had a million children, and a nice little boy. She went up stairs and said: 'You mustn't go in the yard.' But he wented, and fell into the pump, and was drownded dead."

"Is that all?" asked Franz, as Rob paused out of breath with his startling beginning.

"No, there is another piece of it," and Rob knit his downy eyebrows in the effort to evolve another inspiration.

"What did the lady do when he fell into the pump?" asked his mother, to help him on.

"O, she pumped him up, and wrapped him in a newspaper, and put him on a shelf to dry for seed."

—A late letter from Florence says that Hiram Powers is principally devoted to portrait busts, in which he excels. General Sheridan is one of his latest efforts and most striking successes. He keeps at work, also, in the ideal line.

A SUNDAY IN PEPOISKA.

BY FRED. A. LORING.

Pepoiska is a town in Nevada, which no one will be able to find on the map. Still, that need not trouble any reader, because I stand ready to give him all desired information. I can, if required, state its latitude and longitude, the mountain range in which it is situated, the number of its inhabitants, the quantity of bullion taken from its mines, the cost per ton of smelting and roasting its ores, and various other useful items, imparted to me by Dr. McKindery, the editor of the Pepoiska *Mosquetaire*, the only newspaper of the city.

But this practical and statistical information, though intrinsically valuable, does not enter into the limits of this article. It would be incomplete, also, for the general reader, as by no human possibility could the number of bar-rooms be stated. Really and truly, as little girls say, I counted fifty bar-rooms in the fifty-seven houses which form the southern side of the Boulevard de Nye, which is the principal thoroughfare of Pepoiska. Do not suppose that bar-keeping is the only occupation of the proprietors of these establishments. Though, to use the expressive slang of California, it is their "best holt," their other walks of life are varied. Let me quote from some of the signboards of Pepoiska:

CAPT. FEZEMITH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND BARKEEPER.

SMITH & WEIDEN, FURNISHING GOODS AND BARROOM.

LAMSON, GIBB & SON, SAMPLE ROOM AND COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

THE LITERARY EMPORIUM. BOOKS, PERIODICALS, AND LIQUORS.

The offices of two of the three great monopolies of the Pacific coast—the Bank of California and the express line of Wells, Fargo & Company—are almost the only places in Pepoiska where drinks cannot be obtained for money. Add to this that not quite one-tenth of the inhabitants of Pepoiska are women, and that of these women hardly one-tenth are of ordinary respectability, and you have some idea of the degraded state of society existing there.

It was Saturday evening when we arrived at Pepoiska. Invitations to drink were accepted and declined; excuses were made for our inability to attend a Pepoiskan ball shortly to take place; but we did consent to look through the town that evening, and to go into the mines on the following day. For the mines are worked unceasingly, day after day, never any rest, never any pause. Always the furnaces glow and smoke; every day sees the same dreary routine of digging in the earth, of running the gigantic fires, of gambling, of carousing and of keeping up a tempest of vice—vice unashamed and undisguised. Not one of the poor creatures enjoy life, as the saying is; but each one feels a vague, throbbing, indefinite realization of the dreary darkness of his fevered existence. For them all days bear the same burden—a living death, a torpor with a sting.

All days are alike, I say; and yet, when I awoke on my first morning in Pepoiska, I could feel that it was Sunday. Far down in the valley we could see the smoke, while nearer we could hear the rumble of the ore-mills, and the morning sun glimmered and flashed on a pile of silver bars just taken from the furnace. And then, after breakfast, some few of us, who had been months in the mountains, went to town to church. As we walked through the streets, though still the whirl of work and sin went on, we still could feel the presence of Sunday near. Here and there would pass an honest miner, still dressed in his rough, dirt-stained clothes, his slouch hat and muddy, cowhide boots, but with a portion of his hands cleaner than usual, and with an uncomfortable consciousness of his clean shirt evident in his whole demeanor.

The church was in an unfinished hall, unroofed and undecorated. Rough pine benches formed the seats, and at one end was a bare platform, on which the night previous the bulky equestrienne, Miss Leo Hudson, had appeared, with a travelling theatrical company of great sadness, in the charming drama of "Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary." A relic of the performance, in the shape of a crumpled programme and some stray horse-hairs from Black Bess, Miss Hudson's celebrated steed, lay on the front benches and the floor.

The preacher sat on a stool beside a rough table. He was an elderly man, shabbily dressed, rough-looking, but evidently animated by sincerity of purpose. He opened the service with a short prayer of thanks that his congregation had been able to meet once again, and then announced the first hymn—a hymn which I used to hear at Andover, and which was a friendly and familiar sound to my ears, so far away.

"I will tell you the first line of the hymn, my brethren," he said, "because, as your hymn-books are different, your numbers will be different. It is, 'He shall come down like showers'; and I hope those whose hymn-books don't hold that hymn, if there are any such in the congregation, will hum the tune, which will be an easy one, and so help to praise God as far as circumstances permit."

Then he read the hymn in a full, slowly and earnestly, in a way which, though it made me smile, aroused my respect. His choice of a hymn too, showed a wisdom; for in this dry and parched country a shower symbolizes all that is grateful and refreshing. After this he prayed; and one thing in this prayer not only touched me, but increased my respect for his foresight and discretion. Mr. Emerson is credited with the remark, concerning a recently published anthology, that "he is a true poet; she has written one good line." In like manner I felt, from one request in this Western preacher's prayer, that he was a man of ideas. He prayed for more railroads between the East and the West. Do your readers realize all that this petition meant? Its meaning is something which they never would guess from a journey between New York and San Francisco alone. A railroad town on the Pacific Railroad is a rough, miserable place to the traveller who passes through it; but, compared with an interior mining town, it is a centre of luxury and wealth. Every line of railroad that is laid, that brings these great portions of our country together, that makes the dwellers on the Atlantic coast and those on the Pacific feel that they are fellow-citizens, does not merely develop the wonderful agricultural and mineral resources of our vast territory, but spreads all the influences of religion and of civilization among a people whom vice has degraded almost to the level of the brutish Indians who surround them. Any description would fail to do the sermon justice. I forget the text; and so far from doctrinal was it that I cannot state to what denomination the preacher belonged. Perhaps he doesn't know himself. His great object, he declared, was to bring them all together, to make them think of God and remember his existence. "Only remember that there is a God, and even when yer ever say to yourselves he's sitting up in Heaven a watching me and all of us, and then what he is will come home to yer, and yer won't swear no more. Ef I was in the States, I'd have time to tell yer about minor sins and points of doctrine; but here, coming round only once in every two or three weeks, all I can say is 'Don't forget God.' Keep him in mind, and he'll reveal himself to yer—yes, to the worst raskle here."

Simple, plucky old man! I bowed my head, and felt strengthened and reassured at his rude words. If every preacher would only have a point to urge, and urge it as directly, instead of giving us dilutions of doctrine and barley water, many of our Eastern church-goers and church shunners would be truer and better men.

Then came the concluding hymn; and here we made an acquaintance—a short stout man with a good-natured, red face, who leaned toward us and said: "Won't you soldiers borrow my hymn-book? I'm the hotel-keeper," he added, as if to convince us of the worth of his book.

After the service was concluded, our friend, the hotel-keeper, invited us to come down and call on him in the evening. "We all have a kind of sacred music," he said; and thereupon we promised to attend. Sacred music in Pepoiska and a glimpse of a Pepoiskan social circle! The prospect was promising, certainly; and, after a hurried camp-dinner, we returned to the town, which had now become somewhat familiarized with our presence.

The social circle at the hotel consisted of the hotel-keeper and his wife, their niece, Miss Amelia Cheny, and Mr. Jones, chief barkeeper. They were sitting in the best room, in a mournful manner when we entered, four in number. They rose and greeted us, and then the whole party sat down dismally, and a funereal silence prevailed. The hotel-keeper's wife said it was a beautiful evening, and then the pall of silence fell again heavier than ever. Suddenly the barkeeper brightened up, and proposed that we should have something to drink. This little preliminary ceremony finished, a degree of cheerfulness seemed inclined to pervade the assembly.

"Well," said the hotel-keeper, "what you come for is music; and music we're bound to have. Malia, jangle the melodeon."

Without another word, Malia arose. Malia was not a bouncing Western girl, but an ethereal that she seemed perpetually on the point of fading away, like morning dew. She was fearfully impalpable. Her eyes were pale blue, her hair dark, and flapping in stringy ringlets on her shoulders, while she was dressed in limp white muslin, with a crumpled blue sash. This divinity, I could see, was adored by the barkeeper, who gazed at her in fatuous admiration, and took his place by her side with the evident intention of turning over the leaves for her. Malia did not produce the "Golden Pianoforte," nor the "Angel Choir," nor any other book of sacred song, but took a piece of sheet music. Was it an anthem? We waited in expectation. She jangled the melodeon, producing some indescribable discords, and then she sang—not "China," nor "Zion," nor "Nuremberg," but "Put Me in My Little Bed." We gazed at each other in agony. Had we then crossed the Plains, torn ourselves from civilization, placed three thousand miles between us and our homes, to be tormented with this idiotic musical bliss, wherein words and music strive for the pre-eminence in imbecility? There are three verses in "Put Me in My Little Bed," and each of those verses did Amelia wheeze forth in a high and dry soprano voice of moderated quality. The melodeon could not render the song easier, but it certainly made it slow; and so many people conform Mr. Jones with devotion that the effect was nearly as sombre as some dismal religious canticles which I have been forced to attend during my academic life in the East. But when the agony was past and "Put Me in My Little Bed" was finished, Malia began another in a livelier measure, but which the melodeon rendered solemn in the same level of dolefulness. Then the hotel-keeper said:

"Malia, have a duet with James."

And again the doleful Amalia obeyed, and a duet was the result. I longed to ask Jones how he could be spared from the bar-room, but reflected that he probably had found a substitute very easily. I did, however, muster courage enough to ask the hotel-keeper if they did not often meet regularly on Sunday, and he asked if [illegible] [illegible] this [illegible] every public-spirited citizen of the town would consider it a positive insult, and as a consequence he would probably be very much shot. "But," he added, "I have a moral vein in me, and I like to hear Malia sing. It soothes me."

Wondering what could be the moral vein of a man whom Amelia's singing could soothe, we prepared to listen to the duet. The voice of Malia Jones was to be heard, what the voice of Malia was to compass, and the duet selected for these voices to mingle in was of unsurpassable badness. It was sung by a youth to a maiden. They had met, they had loved, they had parted in the first verse; and, as a natural consequence, came together again in the third under a "leaf-clad tree," to which place of rendezvous the maiden, represented by Miss Cheny, arrived first. Upon arrival she sang, and her voice was heard by Mr. Jones, who, as the youth was near, and who responded in the following ventriloquial voice:

> Miss Cheny—I'm waiting.
> Mr. Jones— Oh, waiting.
> Miss Cheny— Yes, waiting—
> Mr. Jones— As, waiting—
> Both— Yes, waiting around the lovely spot,
> [illegible]
> Miss Cheny—Where once we—
> Mr. Jones— Yes, once we—
> Miss Cheny— Oh, once we—
> Mr. Jones— Yes, once we—
> Both—Where once we used to pluck forget-me-nots.

Greatly to our relief, this feast of music was here interrupted, and very effectually. A pistol shot was heard in the house. The gentle Amelia held herself in readiness to go into hysterics at a moment's notice; the hotel-keeper's wife made the single remark, "Them fools!" and Mr. Jones and the hotel-keeper rushed out, requesting us to follow and see the fun.

The fun was a drunken row. No one was killed; though a window was smashed, which caused our hotel-keeper with the moral vein to swear furiously. We escaped in the confusion, bidding farewell to the hotel-keeper and to Jones, and walked away to camp. The evening was lovely, the sky glistered with stars, and the clear, refreshing mountain air revived and refreshed us. We looked back on the foothills below. There lay Pepoiska, hot and wicked, its furnaces smoking, its mills rumbling, while above us in the mountains, brightly shining in the moonlight, was the peace and calm of Heaven itself.—*Independent.*

ART.

Randolph Rogers has left Rome for Detroit, to be present at the inauguration of his soldiers' monument, executed for Michigan.

—Antrobus, formerly of Chicago, is painting the portraits of twelve of the prominent citizens of Burlington, Iowa.

—Mr. A. Bierstadt, the artist, leaves New York for California in a few days to complete his studies of the scenery in the vicinity of the Yosemite Valley and Lower California. Mr. Bierstadt's absence will not be prolonged over six weeks, as his engagement as a member of the Reception Committee of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, will require his presence in New York in August.

—*Galignani* says that a considerable number of works of art have been lost forever in the destruction of the Hotel de Ville, in Paris. The period of the Renaissance has produced the elegant central edifice, the magnificent chimney-pieces at each extremity of the Salle du Trone, one executed by Biard, pupil of Michael Angelo, and the other by Bodin, and the lower figures of the bell tower, the upper part of which was by M. Cavalier, an artist still alive. To the above may be added the Zodiac Gallery, of which the decorative sculpture and carved woodwork were by Jean-Goujon. The age of Louis XIV. was represented by the statue of the King by Coysevox, a masterpiece, and which the Kellers had cast in Florentine bronze. Modern art loses the 40 statues placed in the niches of the principal facade, and all of which have been destroyed or damaged. The library, of from 80,000 to 100,000, mostly historical, and which was situated on the third floor of the northeast pavilion is also burnt, as well as the valuable collections of maps of the Department of the Seine. The walls and ceilings of the State apartments were decorated by the most celebrated artists of the day, each in his own particular style. Among those represented were, Ingres E. Delacroix, Leon Cogniet, Hubert Robert, the great landscape painter Chopin, Hesse, Vauchelet, Picot, Landelle, H. Vernet, Hippolyte, Henri Lehmann, Gosse, Cabanel, etc. Yvon also recently executed four fine historical pieces for the Council Hall.

—Mr. W. H. Derby, on his recent return from Europe, brought with him a remarkable specimen of English art which will, in a few days, be exhibited to the public at the new art rooms of Messrs. Leavitt & Co., on the corner of Twelfth street and Broadway, New York. The painting, which is about nine feet long by five in breadth, represents "Brighton in the Season." It is the work of the celebrated artist, James Webb, who of all the English artists is the only one who can wear the mantle of the late Clarkson Stanfield. It occasioned a great sensation when shown at London, thousands flocking daily to see it at the [illegible] Gallery, and it was subsequently exhibited in several of the leading provincial towns, at Scarborough, and other famous watering places.

—Anne Brewster writes from Rome to the Boston *Advertiser*: "The artists are going north, south, east, and west. Story leaves Rome in a few days for his Cumberland country seat in England. He showed me some of his charcoal drawings the other day. One is of the Malaria on the Maremma. Another is of Macbeth and Banquo meeting with the witches on the blasted heath. A third sketch is an illustration of his Orestes poem. Cole has a study for a charming picture for Mr. Charles T. How, of Boston. It is a gay bit of coloring. Three lute-players, dressed in the Moyen-age costume, are tuning their instruments; one seated, the others standing. They are in a hall whose accessories suggest a picturesque corner of the Bargello at Florence, or some rich old palace cabinet at Perugia. Crowninshield is at St. Gimignano, in Tuscany, making studies. He is to remain there in the summer. I was in his studio the other day and saw some lovely water-colored bits. Mr. Hoosier leaves Rome shortly for Munich and is on his way to Vienna, whither she goes to pay a visit to her friend Lady Bloomfield, the wife of the English Ambassador to Vienna; thence she goes to England to see Lady Ashburton and Lady Alford. Stanley Haseltine, who has been studying in Sicily all the spring, and returned to Rome a few weeks ago with some delicious studies, especially of Taormina, has gone for a month to Venice to make some studies; thence he goes North into Switzerland. Carroll goes to Venice to study in July. Correll spends the summer in Perugia. Rossiter and Ives sail for America next month. Vedder has also gone North. Vedder's beautiful Bath study, or *Fete Champetre*, was ordered by Mr. Garnett, of New York."

—The greatest work of the celebrated French artist, Edouard Dubufe, has recently been brought to this country by Mr. Wm. H. Derby. It is entitled "The Prodigal Son," a subject which afforded an almost unlimited scope for the great talent which Dubufe undoubtedly possessed. The canvas is divided into three compartments, the central one, 21 feet by 13, being devoted to the artist's conception of the principal scene in which the prodigal reaches the climax of his career, and "wasted his substance in riotous living." The two smaller pictures are in monochrome, one representing the young man herding swine, and the other his return to his father's house. The central canvas contains nearly forty life-size figures. The scene is represented as taking place beneath a portico, and in the gardens around. In the background is a noble landscape, not such a one, perhaps, as a landscape-painter would be quite satisfied with, but still one conducive to the scene, and showing considerable power of treatment. Beneath the garlanded portico a table is spread, which is surrounded by the young man's companions. He, a handsome and splendidly-attired figure, flushed with youth and health, has just risen and, with the wine-cup in hand, is about to propose a toast. On his shoulder leans a fair and lovely girl, while a dark beauty has thrown herself back in her seat, and has seized his hand to claim his attention. This last figure is admirably drawn and colored. The face is not seen, but the attitude is so natural and expressive that we at once feel the sentiment which animates her. A young man is leaning over the table to join in the toast which the prodigal is about to offer, while another, who has apparently just entered, is looking fiercely toward the central figure, and actuated by jealousy, perhaps, is about to draw his sword. On the lower plane of the picture is a group of gamblers, two men and a woman. The pleased countenance of the winner, and the blank, despairing look of the loser, are finely contrasted, while the woman's handsome face is distorted with fury. The group is, in many respects, the finest and certainly the most expressive in the picture. Near the centre is a poet reading his verses to an admiring audience. The face of one of these, a dark and haughty beauty, will attract attention. Seated on the ground, she looks as if the whole scene had passed in review before her, and she left naught behind but hate and loneliness and despair. The poet's face is a fine one, and the attitude simple and natural. On the left is a group of graceful women, who with flying garments and half-bared limbs and bosoms are treading the mazes of the dance. Through an archway and the gardens, through which numerous figures are discerned. The two smaller compartments of the picture, to which we have already referred, represent one, the prodigal, clothed in rags and seated on a rock, his head bowed down with the weight of his self-imposed misery, his swine [illegible] feeding at his feet; the other [illegible] at his feet; the other his reception by his father. Both are quite equal in merit to the larger picture. The picture is now at the Leavitt Art Rooms, No. 817 Broadway.

Russian Proverbs.

The Scotch and the Spaniards have hitherto divided the credit of possessing the largest stock of proverbial wisdom, but were the literature of Russia more widely known she might prove a formidable rival to the land of the oatmeal or to that of oranges. We give a few specimens, which, on account of their pointed terseness, their quaint, homely vigor, and dry Sancho Panza satire, scarcely need the aid of rhyme to recommend them. They are, indeed, more fully than words can express, the faithful mirror of the shrewd, simple, dogged, humorous Russian mind, ever veiling its natural acuteness under a mask of habitual and impenetrable stolidity.

"Go after two wolves and you will not even catch one."

"A good beginning is half the work."

"Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself."

"With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold."

"Money is not God, but it shows great mercy."

"The deeper you hide anything, the sooner you find it."

"A debt is adorned with payment."

"Roguery is the last of trades."

"Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one."

"Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor."

"Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table."

"Disease comes in by hundred-weights and goes out by ounces."

"Every little frog is great in its own bog."

"An old friend is worth two new ones."

"Be praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues."

"When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish."

"A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water, nor consumed by fire."

"A mother's prayer will draw up from the depths of the sea."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It cost Berlin, as a municipality, $80,000 to celebrate Kaiser Wilhelm's return to the capital.

—The Empress Eugenie has adopted a little son of Madame Bonne, the Parisian milliner, who was murdered by the National Guards.

—At Valladolid Rossini's mass was performed lately in the cathedral of St. Stephen, in commemoration of the death of Cervantes. The Cardinal Archbishop, the civil and military authorities, and a great concourse of people were present at the *funcion*, as the Spaniards say, or on the occasion, as we have it in English.

—A fancy dog show lately took place near London, at which 800 rare canines were exhibited. Some were in wire cages, and had cushions to lie upon, while one valuable animal had a glass box for his accommodation. They were valued all the way from £5 to £1,000, a high price certainly for a merely ornamental pet. One gentleman, a clergyman, had 18, and another 39 dogs on exhibition, and as the tax per year is $25 a head, exclusive of their keep, it can be judged what expense it is to gratify such a taste.

—The truth of the aphorism, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is clearly shown in the instance of the King of Belgium. He is himself almost blind, and ailing in various ways; his wife is a hopeless invalid; his sister is insane; his brother is deaf as an adder, and his sister-in-law is dying of consumption. His palace at Brussels is more like a public hospital than a royal residence.

—It seems that Citizen Paschal Grousset, the Communist Foreign Minister, who said he wore good clothes except when he went among his constituents, administered his office with as much gravity as if it were to last. A Spaniard of high position called on him one day to intervene in favor of a fellow-countryman. "I regret," replied Grousset, "that it is not in my power to meet your wishes. As Spain has not recognized the Commune, it is my duty to decline. At a later time we shall see what can be done."

—The table on which the Versailles peace preliminaries were signed, has been presented to Prince Bismark as a souvenir, and is placed in the reception room of the Princess; a small silver plate recording its historic significance.

—A set of excellent porcelain, a present from Champion, the great Bristol manufacturer, to the wife of Edmund Burke, in 1774, has just been sold at auction. The tea-pot sold for $1,050, the cream-jug for $575, the slop-bowl for $350, and the cups and saucers for from $300 to $450 each.

—The Emperor William, in consequence of the urgent entreaty of the Crown Princess Victoria, has determined to appoint the widows of the soldiers slain in the late war against France to all vacancies in the public libraries.

—The Earl of Ellenborough, now 81 years of age, was, when a school boy, appointed by his father, then Chief Justice of England, to the joint Chief Clerkship of the Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has ever since that time drawn annually about forty thousand dollars, in salary and fees, without performing any of the duties of the office.

—Here is a bit of French philosophy. It is set down to the credit of Alexander Dumas, fils: "Walk two hours every day. Sleep seven hours every night. Get up as soon as you wake. Speak only when necessary, and say only half what you think. Don't write anything but what you can sign. Think neither too much nor too little of money; it is a good servant, but a bad master. Beware of women before you are 30. Avoid them after you are 40."

—The following are some of the names of highways in London: Addle street, Rotten row, Gutter lane, Fryingpan alley, Vinegar yard, Mincing lane, The Poultry, Shoe lane, Inkhorn court, Candlestick street, Pater Noster row, Amen corner, Sermon lane, Creed lane, Cripple gate, Hounds-ditch, Tripe court, Grub street, Halfpenny alley, All Farthing lane, Bandyleg walk, Shoulder-of-Mutton alley, Cat's Castle, Hen and Chicken lane, Birdcage walk, Noah's Ark alley, Stinking lane, Turn Again lane, Honey lane, Cut-throat lane, Dollittle lane, Labor-in-Vain street, Pig alley, Blow-bladder street, and Elbow lane.

—People—strangers and refugee residents—are flocking to Paris in enormous numbers. Over one hundred and thirty thousand are said to have come into the city in one day by the various routes. The sight of these newcomers—especially the strangers—gives the shopkeepers of Paris much encouragement. This class measures the condition of the universe by the amount and frequency of their orders; given, plenty of these; result, general happiness; none, universal despair; uncertainty, general insecurity.

—*Galignani* gives this incident of life in Paris under the Commune: "Cries for help by women in distress was heard at about half-past eleven on Thursday night from a cab, which was being driven at a gallop along the Rue de Richelieu. A Captain of the army rushed forward and seized the horse by the bridle, stopped the vehicle, notwithstanding the resistance of the driver, who flogged both the animal and the officer. Two ladies then alighted, and one, who proved to be Mlle. Guyon, of the Theatre Francais, said that the driver had refused to take her to her house, and, after striking her several times with his whip, had said that he would take her to the Batignolles to be hanged, and, in fact, was driving her rapidly in that direction when stopped. The man was handed over to the police.

—According to the French journals the military authorities of Paris were informed that a plan was in contemplation for disinterring the body of the Communist leader Delescluze, and carrying the remains away to Paris, as those of a martyr of public rights, for the purpose of exciting insurrection. General Vinoy, however, received private information that the body of Delescluze, although buried hastily, could be identified by a leaden ring worn around his ankle. Soldiers were at once set to work to exhume the bodies interred at the spot pointed out as the place where Delescluze was buried, and one bearing the leaden ring was discovered. It was removed and buried secretly in another place.

—A large number of the inhabitants of Montmartre, Pont du Jour, and Montrouge migrated to the deserted houses of Auteuil, Passy, and other aristocratic quarters, where they established themselves in comfort, not to say in luxury. The most singular scenes were the results of this change of proprietors. Here a man in the costume of a National Guard, just returned from the ramparts, black with powder and dust, was asleep in his clothes on the outside of the exquisitely got up bed of a lady of rank, with its delicate rose-colored hangings and lace curtains, while his wife, in a superb satin dress belonging to the fair proprietor of the room, was attending to the pot-au-feu over a fire in the boudoir.

—A few weeks ago all the London papers recorded with unanimity of admiration a heroic act by one J. B. Johnson, a professional swimmer. He had come from London to Leeds to take part in a swimming-match for the championship. While crossing London bridge he saw a man fall from a steamboat into the water, and, notwithstanding the great height of the bridge, Johnson hastily divested himself of his boots and made a dive. He rescued the drowning man and brought him to land. The next day the match took place, and Johnson was victorious. The sympathy of the lookers-on was with him throughout on account of the heroism of the day before. There was some talk of organizing a demonstration in his honor on his return to Leeds. But there is a sequel to the story. It turns out that the rescued man is a brother of the rescuer, and is himself a professional swimmer. The fall from the steamboat and the rescue were pre-arranged, and Mr. Peter Johnson, of Leeds, who enacted the part of the drowning man, had great difficulty in restraining his mirth when he was supposed to be dying from exhaustion in the boat after his rescue. As may be supposed the enthusiasm in favor of the champion has somewhat abated.

—The capacity of women to bear arms, which has been urged against their claims to political citizenship, was tested in Paris during the late reign of the Communists there. A battalion of Amazons of the Commune, 2,500 strong, was organized, under masculine officers, however, and reviewed in the Court of the Tuilleries on the 16th ult., by two general officers, attended by a delegate from the Hotel de Ville. We are sorry to say that it was noticed that silence in the ranks was not observed. Perhaps our fair readers would like to know the uniform worn by these new-fashioned warriors. It was a blue jacket, kepi (a small cap like our undress military cap) with a tuft of feathers and a scarlet cockade, short blue petticoat, and red trousers. They received one franc, 50 centimes, a day—about 30 cents—besides clothes and rations. It is said that 10,000 might be readily had on the same terms. How will they fought does not appear, or whether they were called upon for actual service.

—Among the Princesses of Europe, the Empress of Russia and the Princess Frederick Charles are the best painters; the Princess of Wales the best performer on the piano; the Queen of Holland the best poet and author; the Empress of Germany the best conversationalist; the Empress of Austria the best-looking lady, and the Queen of Denmark the best housewife.

—To the list of modern English martyrs must be added "The Man in the Red Tie," an individual more rash than judicious, who attempted to institute reform in the manners of Oxford undergraduates, and met with a disastrous failure. Commemoration Day at Oxford corresponds with the Commencement day of our American colleges. On that occasion the young Oxonians, assembled in the gallery of the theatre in which the exercises take place, assume the privilege, which has seldom been disputed, of insulting any or everybody present with wit, cat-calls, and choice specimens of college slang. Age forms no protection against these outrages, nor are ladies even safe from them. Especially are they directed against the unfortunate individual whose costume differs in any respect from the orthodox pattern. Naturally enough, therefore, a gentleman who was so injudicious as to sport a red tie on the Commemoration Day incurred at once the displeasure of the undergraduates, who derided him with the ingenuity of a Mohammedan. Had he been a representative of the Tory majority, they [illegible] [illegible] he was in the red tie habit, and grand bravely, and not until he protested [illegible] [illegible] a stand-still and the strike [illegible] off his tie and putting it in his pocket. The event was taken [illegible] into national consequence, and [illegible] have already appeared in the London *Times*. The man in the red tie is [illegible] and a certain [illegible] upon the [illegible] Commemoration Day, he [illegible] will not be [illegible], and [illegible] to mention [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of the theatre. [illegible]

—It is doubtful if England would ever recover from the stroke if she were to be deprived of her customs and practices which are absurd. Prince Arthur, among his other absurd follies, is to be presented with the freedom of the City of London, and the Common Council on the 13th of July, and the Common Council of the City of London has voted £1,500 toward paying the expenses of that imposing and all-important event. People who have no other delight imagine that the Princes of England were sufficiently free already, but that is a mistake. By the proceedings alluded to Prince Arthur will be allowed to trade in a number of fashionable privileges from which he is at present debarred. [illegible]

—He is exempt from the payment of certain tolls which no one has paid for centuries. He will not be liable to impressment as a soldier—a danger long since done away with even for the most plebeian—and will be allowed to hunt wild boar in the forests of Middlesex, which would be a lively sport indeed at this day. Surely, it must be worth £1,500 to the city of London to have the noble youth enjoying such fine privileges, and he certainly ought no longer to be deprived of his freedom.

—An American lady, writing from Paris to the Boston *Traveller*, relates the following incidents: "One young soldier was ordered to set fire to a church. The materials were thrust into his hands; to refuse would have been death. Before doing the bloody work, he knelt at a confessional to ask for pardon. The victorious soldiers of the line entered and found him in this posture, but such exculpatory conduct availed naught. He was shot—after this, at least, he met a righteous Judge. Two brothers, thirteen and fourteen years of age, were seen to defend a barricade alone, and at last to shoot each other rather than surrender. A boy of thirteen, found fighting, was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket, and cried out, 'Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it.' 'Oh! you scamp,' said the officer, 'I understand, you want to run off.' 'My word of honor, I will come back again,' said the boy; and the Captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back and took his stand with his face to the wall. 'Here I am; fire!' Does Roman history tell us anything braver? The Captain took the little hero's ear, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him."

—A charming way to ring out an old fashion and ring in a new, was that adopted by some young ladies of Berlin with reference to the chignon. The national spirit soon at white heat in Germany, is, if anything, more ardent among the women than the men, as indeed it always has been and will be the world over. So the fair patriots resolve to reflect more of the German nationality in their dress, and abandon and henceforth ignore French fashions, but more especially the really odious chignon. Accordingly, the sixty young ladies, daughters of the wealthiest citizens, who were selected to welcome the returning army at Brandenburg gate, had a meeting in which the question of their attire was settled. It was that of Margaret in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust, which has been thoroughly identified with the German school in all art, and especially familiarized of late by the "Marguerites" of the stage. Two plaits of their own hair hanging down the back was to be indispensable, and they were pledged mutually, and to the municipal authorities, on no account to use false hair.

—The damage done in the centre of Paris is being quickly effaced, and the large plate windows are being mended. Lost profits beware about purchasing perforated photographs, for did not "Lord Ronald G—" buy at the famous shop of Giroux the portrait of a lovely actress who had received a bullet in her bosom? Giroux was loth to part with this interesting souvenir, but at last accepted five francs, and a few minutes afterward the photograph, or rather a similar one reappeared; it had was bought by a friend of Lord Ronald's at fourfold, and the second portrait was instantly replaced by a third. The dupes of this little dodge, on finding that their innocence had been betrayed, were loud in their protestations—"But," said Giroux, "the portraits are really perforated with balls, and if you will only step into the back yard you will see a young man firing pistol balls through them." But Lord Ronald and the celebrated correspondent of the London *Times*, sadder but wiser men. By the way, at the Madeleine there is a curious bullet mark—a saint with her hands raised as if in agony, and with her body thrown slightly backwards, was struck just in the heart during the street-fighting, and you can hardly form an idea of the effect, which is really painful.

—The Paris *Figaro* publishes the following letter, the authenticity of which it guarantees, left by a *bourgeois* of the Rue Sainte-Appolline for his portress, the said bourgeois having left Paris on the very day of the affair of the cannon at the Butte Montmartre:

"MY DEAR MADAME DUPONT: On mature consideration, I had rather, having expressed them to you, leave you instructions in writing as to your conduct in any event which may take place during my absence. In the first place you will open my door, and let the official which sends you take what they want of my apartments. In the dining-room you will find three rolls upon the table numbered 1, 2, and 3. If the men who call are Versaillais, you will give them the roll marked No. 1, and, taking out the red flag enclosed therein, you will place it at the window. If they happen to be Communists, you will take the [illegible] of No. 2, which contains [illegible] that I offer them brandy to drink my health and wood to make them a fire at night in the barricades. If the Versaillais are driven by the soldiers, then replace the flag with the tricolor flag, and replace it by the flag No. 3, which is a Prussian one; you will also offer them [illegible] soldier; you will give them the wine, and give them the wood if they choose; and [illegible] the Prussians, you will the No. 1, and No. 2, and hook on No. 3, which is a Prussian flag. You will give champagne and wood. I think I need say no more, and I remain yours, [illegible] L. D."

LITERATURE.

Cobb has written 75 miles of novels.

—"Ginx's Baby" has already run through eleven American editions, and is still in great demand.

—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's "Life of Jesus Christ" will be issued by J. B. Ford & Co. in August.

—A new "Life of Pius IX.," from the most authentic sources, is promised by Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

—Djevdet Pasha, the historiographer of the Ottoman Empire, and one of the most learned members of the Ulema, has just completed the seventh volume of his history of the Empire.

—Mr. Francis Parkman has nearly ready a fourth volume of his historical series, "France and England in North America." It will be entitled "Monarchy in America Under Louis XIV."

—Douglas Jerrold probably received the highest compensation ever paid a literary man for his "Advice to People About to Marry—Don't," he was paid by *Punch* $1,000.

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale has just issued a new book called "The Womanly Record." It presents a Cyclopedia Feminina of the most remarkable women of the world, dating from the creation to 1869.

—Bret Harte denies, through a Newport paper, that he is the author of a poem called "The Fate of a Fighting Dog," which is going the rounds, credited to him. An Omaha paper is responsible for the forgery.

—Oliver Optic and Virginia F. Townsend will follow Edward Everett Hale's example in the reading of stories instead of lectures in the lyceum audiences next winter.

—Mrs. Roger W. Hanson and Mrs. F. W. Stone propose to publish at Lexington, Kentucky, as an appropriate medium for the expression of Southern genius in the departments of history, poetry, and general literature, a monthly, to be styled the *Mississippi Valley Magazine*.

—Mr. Charles Lanman, author of the Dictionary of Congress, has been engaged by the Japanese Government to prepare a geographical and historical work on the United States, to be edited by Minister Arinori Mori, and published in Japan.

—Once upon a time, the "favorite American poets" were Irving, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson. Now the favorite American poets are Harte, Hay, Carleton, and Joaquin Miller. Times differ from those.

—A writer in the last *Edinburgh* says that the poet Rossetti, who has published an edition in which Shelley's punctuation is rigorously revised, has a mind morbidly sensitive about punctuation, if not given up to extreme views on the subject. Quite in contrast to him is his compeer, William Morris, who is the most careless man in the world about punctuation.

—A volume of masonic poetry, by James Appleton Morgan, Esq., a lawyer of New York city, is going through the press of Hurd & Houghton. It is curious to observe that within the last hundred years but three volumes of this character have been published—one in Germany, one in France, and one in England—the present volume being the first from an American author. It is noticeable that most of this masonic literature is the production of lawyers.

—In a caustic review of the merits of Mr. Froude's history, the London *Tablet*, has this allusion to the religious opinions of the author: "If Gibbon wrote long ago that to the philosopher all religious are equally false, and to the statesman all are equally useful, it appears to be a tenet of Froudism that all creeds are equally pernicious."

—After many delays, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames has at last completed the manuscript of her novel, "Eirene," and hopes to place it in the hands of the publisher this week.

—The National Temperance Society printed, during its last year, 37,000,000 pages, including 693,500 four pages, 47,000 eight pages, and 4,500 twelve page tracts. Thirty new publications were issued, making over 500 since the organization of the society. The Youths' *Temperance Banner* has reached a circulation of 125,000 monthly.

—A valuable service is about to be rendered to German literature by the publication, under the editorial auspices of Paul Heyse and Hermann Kurz, of a selection of the best German novelettes, hitherto scattered amid the voluminous works of a variety of authors.

—The success of scientific books is quite remarkable. Professor Tyndall's "Fragments of Science" went off like a new novel, better than many new novels do. The success of this work, and of Huxley's "Lay Sermons," has led the publishers to issue a similar collection by Herbert Spencer. The title of this volume will be "Recent Discoveries in Science, Philosophy, and Morals," and will consist of Mr. Spencer's late papers on these subjects.

—During the six months ending June 30, 1871, there were issued from the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington (where all copyrights are now recorded) about six thousand one hundred new copyrights. A great number of these are for musical compositions, photographs, engravings, maps, charts and periodicals, so that the large number of new copyrighted affords no index to the actual production of original works in the country. This, however, will appear in the annual report to Congress, which is to be submitted by the Librarian. Less than a year has elapsed since the transfer of the business of copyright records to Washington.

—The final issue of the Early English Text Society's books for this year is in the publisher's hands. It contains a curious collection of "Legends of the Holy Rood; or, Anglo-Saxon and Early English Poems on the Cross," with copies, from two early manuscripts, of illuminations of the instruments of Christ's torture, sponge, spear, hammer, nails, &c., edited from the manuscripts by Dr. Richard Morris; and a set of notices of the times of James I.

—Earl Stanhope's exposure in the London *Times* of Lord Brougham's gross inaccuracy in the second volume of his autobiography is causing comment. Among other things [illegible] as the production of George III., [illegible] 1806, a letter written by his grandfather, George II., in 1787, and one of the best known documents in English history. [illegible] [illegible] Knowledge Society [illegible] [illegible]

Bret Harte's [illegible] [illegible] was a failure. It was [illegible] for the occasion, but was a production the author had on hand. It occupied about fifteen minutes in recitation. The New York *Times* reporter says: "The poet was greeted with the heartiest applause, and occupied about fifteen minutes in its recitation. The poem, as he said, possessed the rare novelty of not having the remotest suggestion of the occasion, and, he might have added, was altogether unworthy of both the occasion and the reputation of the author. It was a flimsy sort of a story about one Brown, a chemist, and his ambitious sweetheart, Miss Addie Dalton, who desired to circle in the dance at the Pollywogs' soiree, in more voluminous skirts than any one else. The chemist prepared a balloon for the purpose of expanding her dress, and all the party she was whisked out of the window and carried out of sight, and Brown was afterward accepted himself to the [illegible] [illegible] for his [illegible] gone. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the occasion, [illegible] [illegible] ending the intent of the poem, and led to the opinion that it was intended for a satire on something or other, while others considered it a literal specimen of poetry. The poet [illegible] considerably more admired than the [illegible] effort. Mr. Harte, it is said, made several attempts to write something original and satisfactory, while at Newport, but gave up finally in despair, concluding that Newport was no place for inspiration."

EPIGRAMS.

Some Good Specimens—An Unepigrammatic Epigrammatist.

Mortimer Collins gossips pleasantly in *Belgravia* concerning epigrams. Taking as a text the second volume by Professor Raymond, entitled "The Land of Vines," Mr. Collins launches out in an essay on the subject. He observes that the true epigram is a "rare bird," seldom found, like excellence obtainable only by labor; and the epigram is among the [illegible]. It requires a thought tersely expressed in perfection of words:

> Just as crush'd carbon doth produce
> The diamond for beauty's use,
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

Recently there have been published some good collections of epigrams, and Mr. Dodd's essay upon the [illegible] [illegible] pretty well again [illegible] but Mr. Collins doubts if Lo. [illegible] [illegible] enough. There is [illegible] [illegible] three-volume novel of the present day that in a single first-class epigram which a man might write upon his thumb-nail. The epigram, Mr. Collins [illegible] should be contrived in a lofty library with windows looking on the sunset, where the sounds of the world can not enter, with a bottle of claret and a glass of old Madeira or Port to occupy the interval of [illegible] [illegible] To [illegible] [illegible] these [illegible] [illegible] It is attainable in the hot afternoon of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Collins continues:

Ben. Johnson was a prolific [illegible] of Martial, from whom he borrowed [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]

> They [illegible]
> [illegible]

[illegible] the old dramatist's wasp have a [illegible] of epigram this:

> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

Henry Parrot [illegible] [illegible] epigrammatic [illegible] the Welsh:

> A Welshman and an Englishman disputed
> Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state:
> The English [illegible] won the game,
> Yet would the Welshman naught his brags abate.
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

Herrick, Waller, Prior, are specially noticeable for the vein of epigram which runs through their lyrics, like the purple streaks through the snow-white marble of Sicily. What can surpass the delicious couplet in courtly Waller's girdle-song?

> Give me but what this ribbon bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round.

The same peculiarity belongs to those fine gentlemen and facile poets Suckling, Etherege, Sedley, Lovelace, masters of the lyric epigram, though three out of the four are not even named in Mr. Dodd's pretty and valuable volume entitled "The Epigrammatists."

Perhaps the most marvellous store of epigram ever embodied in continuous poem exists in Byron's "Don Juan." It is a treasury of epigrams, from which even Douglas Jerrold has not disdained to borrow. On the other hand, Byron's implacable adversary, Savage Landor, has written a greater number of beautiful isolated epigrams than any other Englishman. At this moment his lines to his friend Louis Napoleon are not without interest:

> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

Landor was close on 90 when he wrote this.

A veteran epigrammatist died in England at the age of 90, a few months ago—the Rev. Charles Townsend, writer of Kingdom-by-Sea. This fine old person was famed as a lover of the friends, and a friend of women. He had been a great friend of Wordsworth and the other Lakers, on whom he bestowed this epigram:

> They dwell at the Lakes; an appropriate quarter
> For poets allowed to be [illegible] of water.

Not long before his death some thieves broke into the rectory, whereupon he humorously consoled himself with an epigram:

> They came and prigg'd my [illegible], my [illegible],
> [illegible]
> But they couldn't [illegible] [illegible]

This pleasant old clerical poet spent the sunset of life in his quiet rectory by the sea, where, with a garden fronting the sea, and [illegible] hedges [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. To do with him one to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ample foliage, with a [illegible] of epigrams, which was as [illegible] of dialogue [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Brighton. I hope he was not the last of the epigrammatists.

DEATH OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

THE LOGIC OF LOVE.

If, as some contend, "Marriage is the graveyard of love," it is so only in those cases where it is not realized that some effort is necessary to the life of affection. Having once gained it, it seems to be imagined that it may be always retained. Whereas, the true state of the case is that after marriage love is sorely tested; for not only does the more intimate relationship require greater tenderness to ward off the terrible demon of ennui, but also to endure the shock of coming suddenly upon each other's faults and foibles.

Charity, which is the Scriptural rendering of love, covers a multitude of faults. One must distinguish, however, between the broad charity that can cover and forgive faults, and the fleeting glamor of passion that is deaf and blind to everything save the recklessness of its own temporary frenzy.

[illegible]

THE AMERICAN LADY.

A Chicago Story.

BY FORTUNIO,

Author of "John Bull," "The Demons in Love," "The Romance of an Actress," etc., etc.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

There lived once in the city of New York an old comedian of the name of George Holland. It is not positive that when young and vigorous he was possessed of decided talent, but it is certain that in his old age he was highly respected by everybody, and more than that, he enjoyed that popularity often bestowed upon an old favorite whose gray hair and recollections of a former period seem to throw about him a sacredness and awaken our sympathy and interest involuntarily.

[illegible]

HEINE ON THE COMMUNE.

[illegible]

HOW HIS SHIP CAME IN.

An Affecting Story of Struggle, Patience, and Triumph.

From the Gazette.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

TIT-BITS.

When does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.

—The reason why the ancient Britons were so formidable in battle is that they were Pict men.

—A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are left for her future husband.

[illegible]

THE HYMN OF (ANCIENT) MAN.

[illegible]

NEW YORK, 1871.

Annie Laurie.

[illegible]

A Severely Proper Person.

[illegible]

English and French Novels.

[illegible]

Fitted to a Hair.

[illegible]

ANACREONTIC.

[illegible]

True History of Robinson Crusoe.

[illegible]

JIM FISK AT PRAYER.

[illegible]

FARM BALLADS.

"Betsey and I are Out" and "Over the Hill to the Poor-House" in New Dresses.

[illegible]

A Reminiscence of the Last Century.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON.

Opinions by the Attorney General on Certain Civil Service Questions.

Written Statements by Boutwell and Pleasonton Soon to be Submitted.

A Decision of Great Importance by the Court of Claims.

The President Not to Visit the Capital this Month.

Department Statistics for the Fiscal Year.

[illegible]

FOREIGN.

Speeches of Earl Granville ... Dufour at the Free ... Banquet.

Incidents of the Reign of the Paris Commune.

The Emperor William ...

GREAT BRITAIN.

[illegible]

FRANCE.

[illegible]

GERMANY.

[illegible]

INDIANA.

[illegible]

THE STORM.

[illegible]